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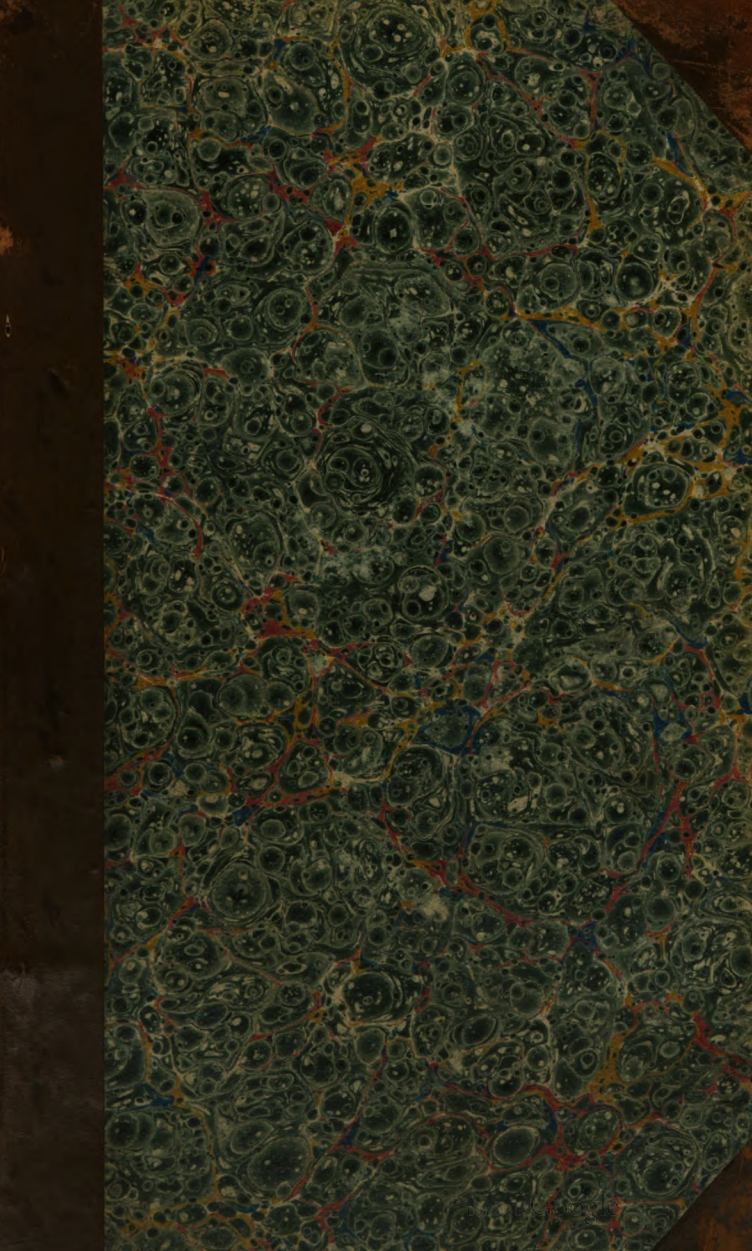
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E. S. Burman.

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THE
ENGLISHMAN
IN
PARIS;
A SATIRICAL NOVEL.
With Sketches
OF
THE MOST REMARKABLE CHARACTERS
THAT HAVE RECENTLY VISITED
THAT CELEBRATED CAPITAL.

Chaque age a ses plaisirs, son esprit et ses mœurs.

BOILEAU.

*Je ne sais rien appeler que par son nom,
J'appelle un chat, un chat, Rollin un Fripon.*

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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PARIS.

CHAPTER I.

Solo e pensoso i piu deserti campi,
Vo misurando a passi tardi e lenti.

ALTHOUGH I had dismissed the policeman with a fee for his silence, Matchem was determined to see him again, and to find out Adelle's history, and the connexion betwixt her and the degraded officer. He learned all the particulars, which were briefly these. —Adelle had, from her youth, been a

person of light conduct and bad fame, and had followed a French general to Verdun. There she was left by him, and became acquainted with a rich English *detenu*, who had squandered on her a large sum of money; and, in an unguarded moment, had made a settlement on her, which his relations insisted upon his not fulfilling. He was called home, and broke the connexion with her, sending her, at the same time, a considerable sum in form of compromise. By this time, Adelle had formed an intimacy with, d'Argentcourt, who accompanied her to England, in the hope of extorting a further sum from the young Englishman. In this they succeeded; and there her paramour, for the first

time, assumed the character of the *beau frere*. They had not returned a month, when Adelle made a second trip to England, to smuggle over a quantity of lace; and she was on her passage home when I had the ill fortune to fall in with her. The conclusion of her history was, that she had sold my carriage, got the three hundred pounds from me purposely to embark for America with the *ex aide-de-camp*, and if the system of terror had succeeded with me, or d'Argentcourt had not been apprehended at so early a period, they were to have drained my resources in a far greater degree.

Matchem ended the lamentable tale, by assuring me, that she had left Paris

but a few hours, and that he would, with my permission, send after her, and have her arrested as a swindler. "Not for all the world!" exclaimed I, bursting out of the room. I returned not for three days, during which time I was in a perpetual state of intoxication, was robbed of a gold repeater, spent all my money, and had lost a number of valuables. Matchem, and faithful Murphy, succeeded at last in bringing me home, where I fell into a deep melancholy, sought solitude, and wandered about in the most retired fields and unfrequented roads about Paris.

It was with a view to divert my mind from its unmanly misery, that Matchem

one evening gave me the following portraits of public characters.

SIR SIDNEY D'ACRE.

This is the mirror of knighthood ! his dauntless courage reflects honour on his name ; his example is {worthy the universal imitation of that glorious profession to which he belongs, and the model of chivalry. Le Chevalier Bayard *sans peur et sans reproche*, never excelled him in prowess, enterprise, or perseverance.

This passage to glory and renown has truly been like the voyage of Æneas : “ *per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum.*” Through tem-

peaks, through battles, through prisons, contentions and strifes; from the ocean to the main land; from the desert to the plain; from the burning sands to the numbing snows; from the pole to the equator; from the hot combat by sea, to the more uncertain siege by land; now exposed to the open fury of enemies, then within the grasp of the assassin;—what escapes! what perils! what changes!

Such is the true character of the Christian knight, who, at one time, commanded our naval thunder, at another bestrode the prancing war-horse, and was the powerful partizan and useful abettor of our military achievements.

A stranger would naturally ask, in what elevated situation, in what high command, in what splendid retirement, crowned with laurels, and leaning on full-coffers, our hero was enjoying the fruits of his labours? One would not expect to find him a *sinecurist*, that being foreign to his nature; one would not look for him as a master of the mint or a teller of the exchequer, since such a *coinage* would ill suit sterling merit; one would not suspect him of sitting at the admiralty board, as one of the lords; because a cornet of horse, a M——, descended from foul finance and quill-driving, nay, even a Sir G—— Wratlingdale could occupy that situation.

It might, however, be supposed, that a place in the peerage, or an honourable employment at court, (not in the bed-chamber however!) might have been assigned to his merit and hard services. But, alas! jealousy, slight, or female favor, have consigned this ornament of his profession to dwell abroad, the projector of crusades yet to come; whilst his ungrateful country, or rather his ungrateful court, passes him by unnoticed, and leaves the fairer sex to reward his toils.

LORD REDSEA.

This romantic title belongs to a most eccentric character, and derives its origin from a very singular family. His

aged father had, early in life, some unjust doubts thrown on his birth, and something odd, concerning Mulciber, was buzzed about. However, my lord had a law-suit, and he gained it; and nothing more was known of him, except that he was a gallant young man, and a frisky old one. His son was noted for his dissipation, and for his infidelity to a very young and very attractive wife, whom he married at too early an age, when she was more in need of a guardian and a preceptor, than of a lord and master.

The object of Lady R.'s choice was the intimate friend of her husband, the most violent democrat, and the most determined *débauché* of his time. His

society, however, had great charms for Lord Redsea, and his principles were not unwelcome to his lady. In this domestic affair Lord Redsea found no pity, and *deserved* nothing but blame. He was acquainted with it, and the friend knew it was known to him:—*the subject had been before them both,* and shocking was the scene of extensive and disgusting immorality which this trial unfolded. Indeed, circumstantial details of these trials, in general, would be far better withheld from the public prints; for it must not be supposed that such passages are perused by the tavern and coffee-house lounge only; they excite interest in far higher and more delicate situations, and are eagerly conned over by fair

readers in drawing-rooms, nay, even in boarding schools; such is the advantage of their notoriety.

As Mr. G——, the *nominal* seducer of Lady R——, was a travelled man, unshackled by principle, prejudice, or religion, of any kind, so was my lord, his intimate companion, who first debauched her mind, by precept and example, an admirer of foreign climes, manners, vices, and eccentricities. Accordingly, he betook himself to travelling and authorship. He has been admired as a man of learning and observation; but the number of tourists has of late so increased, that it requires no ordinary portion of merit to arrest public attention, or to acquire

public applause ; and although the name of a lord, as an author, gives relief to a work, and, seriously speaking, does credit to the writer, who quitting the idle and voluptuous scene of high life, assumes the painful task of attentive study, which cannot always be convenient and pleasurable, yet nothing in Lord R——'s works have hitherto appeared, which has rivetted admiration, or fixed esteem,

LORD HILLYLAND.

There are different measures in greatness, as well as a variety of shades in evil. There is a transcendent greatness—there is a pure and unclouded, but less dazzling lustre—there is a

steady permanence of light ;—and, lastly, there is the momentary flash of glory, which possesses not continuance, but which leaves its impression behind it ; and, if unsullied by any after stain, survives its possessor, and enrols his immortal name in the annals of renown. The first of these qualities must be adjudged to a Nelson and a Wellington ; the second to a Beresford or an Exmouth ; the third to Lord H—— ; and the last, to all their brave companions in arms, who, in one battle, or in one campaign, nobly fought and won the day, and earned their share of laurels.

The *steady permanence* of light, particularly belongs to this general ;

long serving, though yet in the vigour of age, patient, cool, intrepid, faithful, ever ready, ever unruffled, secured at all points ; neither dazzled by success, nor dejected by check or reverse. These are the invaluable qualities of this useful and gallant officer. With talents enough to lead, *at all times*, he is particularly fitted for a second in command, not from second-rate abilities, but from an exactitude of execution, a precision of performance, a minute adherence to orders, and a comprehensive mind to improve hints, or to accomplish those movements, and other arrangements, which may proceed from a general plan of operations, but to which is added a discretionary power.

Lastly, he possesses an amenity of manners, a sobriety of power and command—that temperance of authority, which seems as if he did not command, or as if the lustre vested in him, irradiated his companions in arms, and imparted a portion of dominion and nobility to them—that *we*, where it is *I*, that harmony and concordance of order and system, which, whilst the command is given, makes obedience a pleasure as well as a duty ; that participation in danger, hardship, and reward, which identifies his credit with the good conduct of his officers, and which renders strictness *imperious* on them, because *not imperiously exacted* from them.

No man was ever more fitted for the noble profession of arms than he, because no man was ever better adapted to command and obey; because no man was more placid under elevation, nor more patient under hardship; because he bears "his faculties so mildly," that every one is delighted to serve under him; and, finally, because this very rare example is worthy the imitation of those who have *passed* him in the race of honours and distinctions, though no one ever could excel him in steady courage and in high desert. The Duke of Wellington, and many other great captains of the age, have often said, that they would rather have Lord H—— a second, in com-

mand than any other officer in the service.

Sprung from a private family, endowed with social and domestic virtues, Lord H—— reclines upon his laurels with peculiar ease and grace.

SIR W. W. WATTY BUBBLE.

Here are so many W. W. W.'s that one might well expect the many good things which this letter announces; for instance wit, war, wealth, and wine. Unluckily for the baronet, however, only the two latter have been given; yet in large doses enough. The first shuns him, the second he attempted; and his name will hence be remem-

bered over Ireland, but *not* with blessings. From the tented field, the baronet, and his countrymen, turned to the field of sports, and hunted, more successfully and more harmlessly, quadrupeds, than poor misguided *bipeds*. His honour was accordingly worshipped by his mountaineers as a second Nimrod.

The autumn of this person's life, however, has closed, and left him a little *Novemberish* in appearance and constitution, without any remarkable event to immortalize his name, or any particular quality to distinguish his family, except his being called a knight of the order of the *elephant*. Besides these distinctions, our great man has

married—*et voila tout*. Last year, a number of *elderly* gentlemen took wives unto themselves. What a high compliment to bestow on young women the *gleanings* of autumn! How much obliged should they not be for the *remains* of a *perfect* gentleman! At *best*, what an advantage is it for a young girl of spirit to learn nurse-tending, instead of nursing! However *aged* matrimony is so much in vogue, that it is to be hoped the promoters of it may thrive, and be exalted!!!

LORD VASSAL.

Lord V—— had scarcely attained the close of his minority, when public attention and public admiration were

directed towards him. His family name, the fame of his immortal uncle, the partiality of that uncle towards him, the line of popular politics which was chalked out to him, and a promising countenance and mind, gave high earnestness of future celebrity.

His first act of notoriety was making a journey to Rome, not for the purpose of imbibing the severe patriotism of the Roman senator, nor of advancing in *republicanism*, unless his connexion with Lady ——— deserves that name; but in order to accompany a frail and interesting female, then the subject of a *crim. con.* trial, and now his partner for life. What enlarged

views of our *internal relations*, of our *domestic policy*, and of our *foreign alliances*, this female colleague taught him, no one can tell; but he returned a confirmed whig and republican.

The noble lord then first began to figure in the senate, and was loud on the subject of *reform*. He made some masterly speeches, but lost himself a little in his premature desire of peace with the French government. In editing his uncle's work, he fell far short of what was expected, and did not outstep mediocrity,

On all popular subjects, his lordship has taken a lead in the house; and in

his endeavours to better the laws of debtor and creditor, in his jealousy for the *liberty* of the *press* and *freedom* of the subject (on which also my lady may perhaps have offered some useful hints), he has shewn purity of principle, sincerity of sentiment, and warmth of heart. The French revolutionary fever attacked him for a short time, and he was tinged with a little democracy; but age and experience have enlarged his views, tempered his impetuosity, and mellowed his judgment. In public life, he is an honest politician, and in private an amiable man.

Although he falls far short of his late uncle, he has benefited much by his relationship; he has imbibed many

of his maxims, borrowed *some* of his brilliancy, and imitated much of his manners. In person and dress too, there is a similiarity between them; but, in the latter, that assumed neglect has no merit, nor does the *materiel* bear that excellence, which can warrant such want of attention. He is happy in his family, and has issue, who, it is to be hoped, will live to inherit,

“The father’s lustre and the mother’s bloom.”

DUKE HUMPHREY.

Is that “the gallant gay Lothario?”
ah! how changed. Never did time
make such ravages on a countenance!
How unlike the gay general, the spruce

guardsman! How unlike the blood royal, which, though not from the *sacred* source of *legitimacy*, runs in his veins! Here we have even a double duke, a *peer beside himself*; and yet, clad in black, with his grey hairs cut in a most unbecoming way, he looks like a drunken non-conforming clergyman. There is nothing of family pomp and pride about him, but his old fashioned family breed of long-tailed horses, which have represented the house, and been identified with the name, for so many years.

In his early outset in life, his high spirit was evinced by a remarkable duel. He was afterwards pretty well known in the annals of gallantry, and

through the whole of his public life, he was intitled to say with old Horace :

“ Vixi puellis nuper idoneus, et militavi non

“ sine gloriâ.”

In Ireland his boundless hospitality, and his due deference for the fair sex, gained him general popularity. He was, however, accused of being a male coquette, and of dangling with young unmarried ladies, until the *fama clamosa* breathed its infection on them. Enough was said on this subject; and the Hibernian sisters, who hung upon his arm, and gave rise to the caricature of Robinson Crusoe and his *two guns*, made *noise* enough at the time; but like other *martial* din of arms, the *report* of them has now *gone off*.

The good duchess did not admire these reports; and some say, took fire at them. She comes of a good family for retaliating, and her sister duchess, and the *Madelene Pecheresse* would have known what to do *en pareil cas*. The duke, who, having sprung from the *ordnance*, may properly be called a *son of a gun*, persuaded his rib, that there is no harm in having a *ball* partner, and that it was an innocent *flash*. However, the eclat thereof, was *blazed* about the country, far and near.

His grace is now less a man of *fancy* than a man of *taste*; and he sticks pretty close to his Bacchanalian devotions, whereby he has killed one aide-de-camp, and put his whole *staff*

hors de combat, whilst scores of *bottle holders* have deserted.

THE DANCING CHANCELLOR.

The claims of this peer on public admiration are literally *nominal*: they are just what his name describes. Educated at an university; and for a time under a worthy and able professor, he led the public to expect much from him, but expectation failed completely.

In his canvas for that university, nothing could be more flattering than the success which he obtained; but what a falling off on his second appli-

cation ! His most animated display of abilities was, on the accusation, preferred against Lord M——, and there he spoke with the warmth of a novice.

Allied to "all the talents," he precisely followed their plans ; namely, passing their time in providing for their friends amongst the *outs*, and going through the routine of office with as thorough-paced effrontery, as the most seared and hacknied place-men could possibly have done. Never was less effected for the benefit of the country than during the short administration of the talents. Place, more than popularity, seemed to be the aim of these gentlemen, and, when they were

safely seated, they clearly proved themselves to be, one and all,

“ Uno in piazza, altero in palazzo.”

Or, as ‘ all the talents’ says,

“ Men faithless once, are always faithless men.”

An increase of the property-tax, and some excise regulations, were proposed by this young statesman, with the most unfeeling levity, and with all the case-hardened boldness of an old practitioner. During the short time which the noble lord wore the long robe, he betrayed no symptoms of a wish to curtail its train, or to clip the wings of power.

Power is ever sweet; and the talents

felt it so, as much as the rest of their neighbours, whilst in the enjoyment of it. The *cidevant* groaners and grumblers felt not the weight of public burthens, for the best of all possible reasons; namely, that by *virtue* of their office, they were employed in imposing this weight; whereas, in their *former* quality of minority, mal-contents, and anti-ministerialists, their whole business was to protest against oppression and all infringement of the people's rights.

His lordship was very much admired as a dancer, and was termed, *the dancing chancellor*. This being his propensity, he danced to the tune of a good place, and allured honest John Bull—to *pay the piper*.

His lordship, (as the poem of 'All the Talents' has observed.)

Unites at once activity and wit,
Both heel and head ; both Parisot and Pitt.
His mind and body mutual graces show,
And now he points a period, now a toe.
At balls he capers, and at senates plods,
A dancing chancellor by all the gods!!!

THE M—————E.

Many beautiful women have been reproached with neglecting their persons. This, however, cannot be said of the M—————; for, through a *long* life, she has, much to her honor and notoriety, made the most of her person, in every acceptation of the word. She felt convinced that the bard Thomson's opinion was erroneous,

which states that "Beauty needs not the foreign aid of ornament;" knowing, on the contrary, that the *foreign* aid of ornament has, for many years, been the only beauty about her; and that this, added to the powerful aid of gold, has held out attractions, and made love's needle point to the frozen and deserted region of the northern blast, when nothing else could possibly have effected that purpose.

It is a curious fact, that while the virgin purity of amber draws only straws and trash towards it, the *modern* loadstone, gold, draws almost every thing precious. The M———'s attractiveness, differing in every thing from amber, never drew straws, but

matters of more weight and importance. Foolish young fops, suiting their conversation to the scale of their imbecile auditors, will sometimes enumerate the list of females who had the misfortune to be kept by them, and enlarge (just as they do on the colours, qualities and variety of their horses and dogs, which form the largest circle of their companions and friends) in the complexions, figures, and features of these fair victims. No doubt her Serenity may now, in the vale of years, *serenely* amuse herself with "telling the number, and repeating the list" of her *swains*; or, to speak more delicately, of the fond youths who have been *protected* by her?

Such an interesting conversation would be listened to with complaisance by her friend Sir L—— S——; but would not be heard with delight, if she would call round her Ladies Gr——r, Gr——d, and W——y, Mesdames H——, de S——, &c.; and the topic would take such an enchanting turn, that perchance it might raise the *spirits* of a departed duchess of Kingston, and many other worthies. Lady W—— too, who has now, for reasons best known to herself, changed her *name*, though not her nature, might enliven the *burletta* with the following *aria*:

“In the days of my youth I could bill like a dove;”

- And, although now in appearance not very unlike the swallower of Jonas,

might live a little longer in the pleasures of memory. We do not, at the same time, mean, that the protectress of Count Tilly, *cum multis aliis*, is without a mind fitted for higher occupations ; on the contrary, she possesses wit, genius, and accomplishments ; she shone in private theatricals, and has a pretty taste for dramatic and other composition. But the love of being always in *propria persona*, *sur le tapis*, or *sur la scene*, gives a distaste for study, and is doubtless the reason why she has not yet been induced to *turn over a new leaf*.

How shocking the *penultimate* scene of a gay woman's life ! She must often be left to soliloquize ; and the reflec-

tions which her mirror must present must be hideous ! In every wrinkle a *broken* charm !—in every turn of limb a withered grace and lost elasticity !—expiring expression in every look !—smiles without allurements, and arts without success ! To her, the affrighted paramour may harshly cry—

———“ Avaunt, and quit my sight :

“ Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;

“ Thou hast no speculation in those eyes, which

“ Thou do'st glare withall.”

SIR R—— WILFUL,

May be viewed in three lights ; as a soldier, as an author, and as a politician. In the first he stands high, having as much personal bravery as any man. His conduct in this respect de-

serves the highest encomium, and there can be but one opinion of him as a brave soldier.

The task of author requires not only courage but talent. The first Sir R—— furnished *amply*, inasmuch as no man ever wrote more *boldly*. He has hazarded many statements on report, and stubbornly asserted what has not since appeared to stand on such solid and indisputable grounds. As, however, his abuse of the tyrant was not dealt out with a stinted hand, the book became very popular; and, although none of the knight's most zealous friends ever attempted to say that it was well written, yet its sale was rapid, its circulation extensive, and its

produce great. Some have even asserted that it fetched fifteen hundred pounds. As an author, however, Sir R—— may have pretensions, but they are founded on nothing but pocketting the affront of being read, and not admired.

As a politician, one would suppose that the knight was an ultra royalist, if one had judged by the immeasurable abuse of the tyrant. But a strange wrong-headedness evinced in his having aided the escape of a criminal, and in all his conduct and opinions since that period, argue an intemperate republicanism *à outrance*. Sir R—— was vain and foolish enough to think that all England was in agony during his

detention ; that every admiring eye was directed towards his examination, treatment, and fate ; that he was the victim of liberty, *i. e.* the *liberty* which he had taken in meddling with a foreign government, and that he formed a party.

What party ? A triumvirate of weak men, who performed an act of humanity (nothing novel) at the risk of making their nation unpopular in France, and who unhandsomely and injudiciously disgraced the military garb by lending it to a counterfeit, and by making it the means of a felon's escape—that felon too, the slave and tool of the very man who Sir R——'s pen had black varnished with infamy. On the trial of this weak and rash trium-

virate, a Frenchman made the following pun at Sir R——'s expence. A by-stander asking his neighbour what he thought of the prisoner, le chevalier said, "*A't il de l'esprit ?*" "*Oui,*" answered the other, *l'esprit de contradiction.*

It would be difficult to give a better account of Sir R——'s politics, or his talent in that line. His best friends should therefore advise him to hang up his pen with his sword, and carefully to avoid tarnishing those laurels which, but for extreme imprudence, might prove imperishable.

CHEVALIER DE LA CALPRE.

Whoever frequents the gaming

houses of Paris, will see the wreck of an old libertine, the mouldering ruins of an old gamester, in the person of Monsieur de la Calpre, an emaciated figure, with *unvenerable* snow-white hair, adorned with the cross of St. Louis, and sitting mostly by himself in these haunts of ruin and vice. The hoary head, the inclined body, the feeble limb, and broken colour on the cheek, inspire no interest here. Grown grey in debauchery, he wears the departing blush of shame, and his fabric seems like the broken temple of an obscene deity, worn out by orgies and by time.

This miserable representative of an aged gentleman, crawls like a worm

from stew to stew, from gaming table to gaming table. There, with the degrading reminiscence of his former excesses, he looks back to the number of worthless and ruinous women who have exhausted his substance, to the many hours, days, years, more than half a century, which he has consumed amongst titled robbers and deceitful mistresses, how his essence and being have run to decay by the wasting taper, how time has brought to disgrace his name and independence.

Ruined in his fortune, without family or friend, he is now the tolerated guest of the repasts given for the purpose of plunder, and at which he formerly was courted for the sake of his

purse. Here he is on sufferance, and feels gratified by the notice of some notorious black leg, or by a pat on the cheek, and the title of *papa* from some hacknied professor of female allure-ment.

Turned *laudator temporis acti*, if perchance he can momentarily arrest the attention of an inexperienced frequenter of these infamous haunts, he will *whistle* through his teeth, in a feeble voice, to tell him how *les temps sont changées*, how much gayer France used to be, how far more fair the women of his day were, how many shared his admiration,—but what a *good creature* the proprietor of the house is! Can any thing be so de-

grading as age under this appearance ? and yet had he spent his life amongst the gaming tribe in England, he might now even have wanted the dinners and suppers which are his principal support ; the men would shun him like an infectious disease, and the women would

————— Leave their false vows with him
Like empty purses picked ;— and his poor self
A dedicated beggar to the air !

When it is remembered, that at, and long after the revolution, the Chevalier de la Calpre kept his equipage, *protected* an actress, shone amongst playmen and frail beauties of the first class ; played deep, was magnificent in his presents to the *beau sexe*, and had a certain establishment, no stronger les-

son could be offered of the ruin which ensues from such a worthless course. But practical experience seems to be the only one which opens the eyes of youth, and that generally comes too late.

Apropos, I may here mention those who, in Paris, are denominated "Followers of women." Every country has its men with good fortunes, and one sees every where these agreeable conquerors, who find no true glory but in subduing hearts, and who extend their ravages only over the amiable half of the human race. But there is a kind of men, of whom people in this country can have no idea; I mean those men without business, who, drawn

towards the softer sex by what they call irresistible propensity, beset the public places, the playhouses, and the streets, to form intrigues. These men are generally young people, who, knowing nobody at Paris, wish, at all events, to make acquaintances there. Too credulous parents send them to the capital to acquire the title of doctor, in law or in medicine; but, their children, convinced that love is the first of the sciences, and that they cannot acquire it but in the company of women, wish to be profoundly skilled in it, and accordingly traverse the streets to discover some compassionate female who will aid them in completing their education.

A gentleman of this sort, if he per-

ceives a person with an enticing face, or a seducing look, walks beside her, looks at her in an affected manner, and smiles at her. If she do not arm herself with necessary severity, if her eyes stop one moment on our young man ; “ A thousand pardons,” madam, he immediately says to her, with an air of half-acquaintance ; “ is it not to Madame de Monfleury, that I have the honour of speaking ? ” For it is always by some such expression that they accost a woman.—“ No, sir,” will reply the astonished lady.—“ It is inconceivable, madam ; there never was a more perfect resemblance ; you ought not to be offended at the mistake, Madame de Monfleury is the prettiest woman at Marseilles, &c.”

and if the lady once answers a single word, she is sure that he will not leave her until he has asked her name, her address, and even an assignation. An absolute silence is the only means of getting rid of the impertinent.

I knew a young man who might serve as a model to all such persons, past and future. He was endowed with a mind pliant and adroit, and with an audacity which nothing could check. A common clerk at the treasury, he received one thousand five hundred livres per Annum ; and this sum, which composed the whole of his revenue, afforded him but few resources to play the part of an independent man. His toilette was generally modest ; but he had

always a complete suit of the greatest elegance, and which was displayed only on great occasions. He then went to the French, or to the comic opera, where his intriguing mind had obtained him admission. If he saw one or two women alone, he would enter into their box and boldly begin a conversation. If he saw no success to be hoped for, he would carry his homage to another box, not even disdaining, upon occasion, the humble galleries.

One day he saw a lady alone, dressed with great elegance. It was the wife of the celebrated General S——, perhaps, the handsomest woman in Paris. Her husband had gone for a moment

into a contiguous box. Our young man did not perceive that the box was hired: he entered, saluted the lady, and instantly joined in a regular conversation. Madame S——, who imagined she saw a person of her husband's acquaintance, answered him with her customary politeness. Encouraged by her affable air, he hazarded some tender avowals, which pass as a part of that gallantry so usual in the the great world; she therefore showed no anger. At this moment, General S—— returned: he conceived that a person well acquainted with his wife could alone speak to her with such familiarity; and he overwhelmed the young man with politeness. The play being ended, the gentleman offered

his hand to Madame S——. Arrived under the great vestibule, he cast on the domestics, who waited for their masters, an enquiring glance of the eye; he even made Louis be called for, and appeared to fear that his carriage was not yet arrived, when a great lacquay comes, covered with a rich livery, to announce to the general that his was at the door. A little discouraged, he nevertheless did not lose his presence of mind, but retaining the same assurance, he conducted Madame S—— as far as her carriage, and returned again under the vestibule to wait for his own. The general immediately asked his wife who that interesting young man was. Astonished, she put the same question to her

husband, and both were lost in thought to recollect where they had known him. He was afterwards complimented by one of his friends on his new conquest, and learned for the first time, the name and rank of Madame S——.

The gentleman related to all his acquaintances his brilliant behaviour, adding in a whisper, that he had on the morning following a rendezvous. But, in general, he did not raise his pretensions so high. If before he went into the play-house, some clouds presaged rainy weather; not thinking of ladies in carriages, he wisely provided himself with an umbrella, which was to be in his hands an instrument of seduction. Placed as sentinel

at the play-house door, when it was over, he politely presented the useful umbrella to the first pretty woman whom he saw alone ; they refused, he insisted ; sometimes they accepted of his obliging offer ; they made him walk half a league ; they stopped at last, and after having gratified him with a gracious “ Sir, I thank you,” they shut the door in his face.

He was one day the hero of a little adventure which ought to have cured him of his conquering phrenzy. At Coblenz he was, in all his splendour, placed near a charming woman, who conversed familiarly with a man seated beside her, and who appeared to be her husband. The decent air of the

lady did not hinder him from casting tender looks at her : he even thought he perceived she looked at him slyly. He wanted no more to inflame him. When the lady retired, he followed her at a distance, to avoid being perceived by the husband ; and he saw her go into a house of a very handsome appearance. Ten minutes after, he knocked at the door : “ My friend,” said he to the porter, “ can I speak to Madame de Monfleury ? ” — “ Madame de Monfleury ? I do not know that name, sir.” — “ How ! was it not Monsieur de Monfleury, and his wife, who came in ten minutes ago, the lady wearing a robe and a green cachemire shawl ? ” “ You are mistaken, sir, there is no Monsieur or Madame de

Monfleury here : it was M. B—— who came in with his wife.”—“ I thank you, my friend ;” and he wrote in his agenda the name of the lady, the street, and the number. Next day he sent a pathetic declaration, to which was given an answer, with some reserve ; then a second epistle, more ardent, and an answer a little more tender ; in a third letter a meeting was asked, and granted for the next day at eleven o’clock. At the hour appointed, he had as may easily be imagined, forgotten the treasury ; and with a palpitating heart, and triumphant air, went to Madame B——’s : he found there a chamber maid, who conducted him mysteriously into a drawing-room, richly decorated, and told him that

that she was going to inform Madame. Already a slight noise was heard ; the door opened, and he saw enter the gentleman he had seen at Coblentz. " Sir," said the latter, gravely, on presenting him with an arm chair, " do you know to whom you have addressed the three letters which I now return to you ? It is to the mother of a family, worthy of your respect. You are young. I have thought that a little humiliation might be useful to you ; it is with this design that I have myself met you. Go, now, and remember the lesson." Thereupon he rang, and desired the domestics to show the gentleman out of doors.

During this period, I had time to make some observations on the climate

of France, and such other circumstances as at first strike an observer. The climate of a country is generally estimated by the climate of its capital. Petersburg, London, Vienna, and Lisbon, are thought to form the standard of the climates of Russia, England, Germany, and Portugal, but France is an exception. In speaking of its climate and temperature, we generally bear in mind the southern departments, which give much too favourable an impression of Paris, and the northern towns of France, as the cold was more intense there, by ten or fifteen degrees, than in London, at the same period. I saw many people rendered seriously ill from the effect of the cold brick floors on their feet. The women.

always have a little chaffing dish of hot embers to set their feet upon, and throwing their petticoats over it, they thus become not merely warm, but hot. Independent of the injurious effect of the gas thus produced, the transition from this state of warmth to the temperature of a cold brick floor, is dangerous, and not unfrequently fatal, yet they do not think it necessary to adopt the use of carpets or wooden floors. The dining-room is seldom or ever used for any other purpose than to eat in, and is considered merely as a lumber room ; the stone floor becomes, therefore, necessarily damp ; and, in the middle of winter, produces the same effect as sitting with your feet on ice. It is, moreover, considered

effeminate and disgraceful for men to adopt the ladies mode of keeping their feet warm.

After considering these circumstances, I did not wonder that the French language contains no equivalent to our word comfort; for really the idea never seems to enter their heads. They shrug, and shake, and shiver, and pass the whole winter in wishing it over; thinking only of the summer which is to follow it; they submit patiently and heroically to all the miseries of cold weather, and subsist on the anticipation of better days, without ever attempting to make the winter more agreeable. They go to the play in the evening, very often, as

I have heard them acknowledge, to avoid the expense of fuel at home, and when they rise in the morning, seem to congratulate themselves that another day is over, and that they are so much nearer the end of their purgatory. At no time does their strange incongruity in the mode of furnishing their houses, appear so wretched, as in a cold damp day in the middle of winter. The contrast between the elegance of some parts of the establishment, and the comfortless nakedness of others, is very offensive.

It is really the custom, however, to have stoves in the dining rooms of good houses ; but fuel is so very heavy an article of expense, that they defer the

commencement of fires till winter is more than half over. These stoves are often very elegant pieces of furniture, being generally coated with a kind of white porcelaine. The coffee-houses have them with copper pipes, highly polished; and in some places of fashionable resort, they are superbly ornamented; but in private houses the use of these stoves is absolutely injurious, because they are lighted only a short time before the hour of dinner, and consequently you will sit down in a warm air with a floor which feels still colder by the contrast. Servants, and others, who cannot obtain even such accommodations as these, adopt the wooden clogs, like small boats,

which are certainly the best substitute they could use for a wooden floor, however uncouth and inconvenient to the wearer.

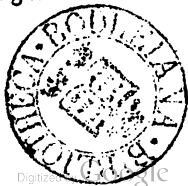
The great advantages of the climate of France consist in its regularity; they can make arrangements for a future day without risk of being disappointed; and this, I suppose, is the reason they are so partial to *fêtes champêtres*, and every species of amusement in the open air. In England we can rarely calculate even on the ensuing day, and therefore we do not promise to "issue cards" for a festival in a forest; but, in France, parties are made several weeks in advance, to take

provisions, and dine under the trees in the gardens of St. Cloud, or the Bois de Boulogne.

Other observations, anecdotes, and adventures, I shall proceed to detail, in the hope of gratifying such readers as have never been in Paris, and have read only the tours already published, few of which enter into those agreeable minutiae that at once instruct and entertain.* On a subsequent evening, we visited the tap-houses, of which a description may not be uninteresting.

The dearness of wine, and its criminal adulteration, have compelled the

* We of course except the delightful work of Lady Morgan, lately published.



lower classes at Paris to use brandy. This has been effected by the burthensome duty, which requires fourpence admittance for a bottle of wine, which intrinsically is worth but three. The wives of the street porters, who, at Paris, carry enormous loads, and work like the men, drink this dangerous liquor. It sets their brains on fire, and burns their entrails. This is the water of Lethe for these beings, who lose their cares with their reason.

From this recent and fatal appetite, a considerable number of tap-houses have been established in all quarters, especially in those inhabited by the dregs of the people. There you find lazy workmen, who pass the day in

drinking this murderous fluid. The smoke of tobacco serves them for food ; that is to say, it plunges them into a sort of stupor, which takes away their appetite as well as their energy. Sons of honest artizans lose themselves irrecoverably in these asylums of idleness, whither they are drawn by coarse, low jests, which are there repeated from morning till night ; for this infected place has both its orator and its man of humour.

The most remarkable of these tap-houses is the Faubourg Saint Marceau ; there the disgusting creatures of the environs of the Pont Neuf and the Louvre, fly for refuge during the day, to spend a few pence extorted from the

luxury of shoe-blackers, labourers, and pick-pockets. It is not uncommon to see them round a jug of bad brandy, pell mell with soldiers, porters, and nightmen, and performing an obscene and discordant concert, which strikes, without intermission, the besmoked vaults of this odious hovel.

The heated minds of the visitors are not always in harmony there. Quarrels arise, and peace can scarcely be re-established until after a combat. Then the vigorous publican drags from the table the obstinate champions, and pushes them into a contiguous court, where they decide their quarrel by a shower of blows; after which the conqueror and the conquered resume their places,

and forget in the glass both injuries and blows. It is not without reason that the landlord introduces the champions into this clandestine arena. If he puts them into the street, he runs the risk of losing his reckoning, because they might either disappear voluntarily, or be arrested by the guard, and taken before the commissary.

During this time the children of these poor wretches are crying with hunger and cold at home. The brutified father, deaf to their voice, carries away the furniture, piece by piece, and sells it, for another night of drunkenness.

CHAPTER II.

THE palais royal has so often been the scene of my dissipated amusement, and is every day so fatal to the fortunes and the felicity of Englishmen, that it demands particular notice. It is a square enclosure, formed of the buildings of the Orleans palace. Piazzas make a covered walk along three of its sides, and the centre is an open gravelled space, with a few

straight lines of slim trees running along its length. There is a neat, compact elegance visible in the architecture of what was the palace; but the building is now insignificant compared with its purpose, and you could no more attend to its proportions than you could fix your attention on the prospects adorning the banks of a river, if you were hurried down one of its cataracts. In the stone galleries, are booksellers, dealers in pictures, clocks, mathematical instruments, porcelain, dealers in millinery, handkerchiefs, and perfumery, mercers, hatters, engravers; in short, shopkeepers of every description. In the first court, and under the vestibule, are pastry-cooks, booksellers, jewellers, dealers in music, and venders

of stamps. In the second court, to the right, a reading room, kept by Rosa, and restaurateurs; the left side is occupied by the hall of the Theatre Français. In this court, a florist has contrived to establish a magnificent glazed green-house, where, in the coldest weather, the scarcest flowers and shrubs are blooming. The exchange is likewise held in one of the buildings of this court: there, every afternoon between four and five o'clock, the bankers, brokers, and merchants, are occupied in bidding. Those who have gained a considerable sum in the funds, go up and dine at the Frères Provençaux, and those who have been unsuccessful, return to their wives to eat the family dinner.

There does not exist on the surface of the globe so convenient a place. The palais-royal alone is worth the whole of Paris. A Roman ostentatiously said, "Rome is no longer in Rome; it is wherever I am."—A Parisian may say, "Paris is no longer in Paris; it is entirely at the palais-royal." This enchanting abode is a small luxurious town enclosed in a larger one—an imperium in imperio:—it is the temple of voluptuousness, whence the brilliant vices have banished even the phantom of bashfulness. There is not a place of entertainment in the world more courteously depraved. The coffee-houses overflow with men whose sole occupation is to circulate and hear news, which are no longer recognisable.

in consequence of the colouring which each one gives them according to his feelings or condition.

Although every thing is augmented triple and quadruple in price at this place, there seems to reign in it an attraction which draws money from every pocket, especially from strangers, because this privileged place is a focus where you may find, in a moment, every thing that your situation may require. It thus drains the other quarters of the city, which appear like dull and uninhabited provinces.

It is grievous to see a band of young debauchees, with pale complexions, conceited looks, impertinent carriage,

and announced by the rattling of watch trinkets, circulate through this labyrinth of ribbands, gauzes, flowers, dresses, &c. In that profound idleness which nourishes every vice, they saunter through the two supported galleries which are still of wood. There too, every evening, the women come two and two to encounter the looks of the men, loaded with all their fashions, which they fancy for some days, and then reverse in a few hours. The most ordinary are almost always those who adorn themselves the most richly, and this ought indeed to be the case. A mother of a family dares not, in the evening, traverse the noisy promenade with her young daughters; the virtuous wife, or the reputable woman,

dares not appear by the side of these impudent courtesans : their dress, their manner, their airs, and often even their language, compel modesty to haste away, with a sigh at the general corruption of both the sexes.

The climate of France, and the character of the French, conspire to make them seek their pleasures out of doors. Home is the only place which they neglect : it is a place only for their necessities. They must sleep there ; and the tradesmen must transact their business there : a bed, a table, and a few chairs are therefore wanted, and a small room or two, uncarpeted and bare, must be hired. This is the case with the middle and inferior

classes. But every thing that is delightful and comfortable, they seek out of doors; and all that they pride themselves on being able to procure, is decoration and amusement.

By these habits and dispositions, has the palais-royal grown to its present state, and it now presents the most characteristic features of Paris:—it is dissolute, gay, wretched, elegant, paltry, busy, and idle;—it suggests recollections of atrocity, and supplies sights of fascination;—it displays virtue and vice living on easy terms, and in immediate neighbourhood with each other. Excitements, indulgencies, and privations—art and vulgarity—science and ignorance—artful conspiracies and care-

less debaucheries—all mingle here, forming an atmosphere of various exhalations, a whirl of the most lively images, a stimulating melange of what is most heating, intoxicating, and subduing.

It puts on its air of bustling dissipation, and lounging sensuality, at an early hour of the morning. The chairs that are placed out under the trees, are to be hired, with a newspaper, for a couple of sous a piece :—they are soon occupied,—the crowd of sitters and standers gradually increase—the buzz of conversation swells to a noise—the cafés fill—the piazzas become crowded—the place assumes the look of intense and earnest avocation—yet the whirl

and the rush are of those who float and drift in the vortex of pleasure, dissipation, and vice.

The worst and best cooks are at the palais-royal. About four in the evening you may see before the Café de la Rotonde, three thousand persons collected, waiting the signal. But alas ! the whole do not take the same direction. Veri, les Freres Provençaux, Beauvilliers, le Café de Chartres, are filled in less than an instant, by bankers, generals, English, &c. and all those who can eat a Napoléon for their dinner. Other places, less celebrated, are filled with commercial brokers and humble clerks; while authors and good citizens modestly go

to Piat or to Caneau, where for the small sum of thirty sols, they dine very well, except that they pay for wine besides, unless they drink a bottle of Champagne. By Champagne I mean a bottle of frothy beer. Other little paltry eating-houses surround the palais-royal: they are the resort of hackney coachmen, the protectors of girls of the town, and even girls themselves of the lowest condition.

From five, then, till half past seven, crowds of both sexes pour into all the numerous receptacles of this description; the invitations to which hang forth so thick as to astonish the British stranger. The price charged within for dinner, is specified on many of

the signs. The superior restorateurs, however, specify nothing; and there both the supply and serving-up are of the most elegant description. Casts from the antique stand in the niches; lamps, with beautiful shades, throw a noble light on the tables; the waiters are active, and madame, the mistress, sits in her splendid recess, as a superintending divinity, decorated stately, yet gracious; her looks full of the consciousness of her sex and station, her manner welcoming, polished, and adroit.

In the artifices of cookery, and in all the seductions of the table, the French are adepts:—nothing can be more unfounded than the common idea in

England, that they are comparatively temperate in this respect. Their variety of dishes tempts the appetite ; and their rich sauces apply themselves irresistibly to the palate. A delicate looking woman, will think it no violation to say, " O mon Dieu ! j'ai mangé pour quatre ;" and really, both females and men apply themselves with a determination, dexterity, and carelessness of observation, to the contents of their numerous dishes ; which, in a country, where the secret is less understood, how to redeem by manner the essential grossness of things, would constitute downright gormandizing.

The appearance of ladies sitting among crowds of men in these public

rooms, startles the English visitor, as a custom that trenches on the seclusion which he thinks necessary to the preservation of the most valuable female qualities. It is, however, in this respect, as in many others, in Paris, there exists no sensibility for any thing beyond the action itself; there is an utter ignorance that the highest sense of value prompts restraint and precaution; there is a thorough indifference for what cannot be sensually enjoyed. Can a woman lose her virtue while dining in this promiscuous assemblage? Can we better shew our regard for women, than by making them our inseparable companions? Where would they find a compensation for the pleasures of which you would deprive them? These

would be the questions which a Frenchman would put, if he heard you denounce the practice in question.

Above the cellars and the shops of the palais-royal, there are the elegant cafés, the common and licenced gambling houses and bagnios, and, still higher, the abodes of the guilty male and female, of every description. The first-mentioned (the cafés) are in fact brilliant temples of luxury :—on entering them for the first time, one is almost struck back by their glare of decoration and enjoyment. Ladies and gentlemen in their colours, and statues in their whiteness, and busy waiters, and painted walls, and sparkling delicacies of every kind, are mingled, and

repeated, and extended in appearance to infinity, by numerous mirrors, which add vastness to elegance, and the semblance of a crowd to the reality of accommodation.

The Café Montausier, after having been used for exhibitions of every kind, is at present the resort of the military who may be at Paris. We find there, in the evening, many courtesans, who go thither to intoxicate themselves with punch, and this makes the place very noisy.—The Café des Avengles is the rendezvous of the girls of the most depraved manners. Accordingly, those courtesans who think themselves above the vulgar level, speak with disdain of those girls who go to

the Café des Aveugles, where, heaven have mercy on our ears, they bawl like deaf people! If unfortunately a respectable man thinks of entering there, he knows not how the deuce to get out again.....so dreadful is this filthy place. Fortunately the police watch it with the greatest activity.

I content myself with saying, that many girls who do not live far from the palais-royal, make use of the parlour of M. Séraphin, who exhibits the Chinese shadows, for other purposes than to see the shews. The grisettes go thither sometimes, to make honest acquaintances, and the nursery maids to keep up those which they have made. The smallness of the

parlour, the innocence of the spectacle, the obscurity required for certain kinds of phenomena which are represented there, such as the *Ombres Chinoises*, and the *Feux Pyriques*, all concur in rendering this little place very convenient. What is more innocent! the children laugh out loud, and maids amuse themselves quite low. By these means, every one goes away contented.

CHAPTER III.

It is in a place where such multiplied seductions attract idlers and strangers, that these dangerous beauties, so numerous in Paris, must exercise the most powerful empire. Hence they consider it a sort of honour to succeed in stocking the seraglios of the palais with inhabitants. A fine figure is necessary to obtain that distinction ; and, as soon as they have obtained it, they live under the laws of a severe governess, who lodges, feeds, clothes, and

appropriates their earnings. Their life is uniform. At liberty during the day, they usually pass it with their lovers, for there is not one of them who has a sentimental inclination. Abundant food serves to repair their strength, and to maintain them in that employment which is necessary for the greatest prosperity of the house. A magazine of dresses offers to each an elegant attire.

As soon as the hour appointed for the free exercise of their daily functions has struck, they are seen brilliant and gay, scattered over the galleries. Several add to a fine figure a countenance sufficiently seducing; but the

charm is destroyed as soon as they are heard to speak ; for, although they are sometimes compared to Syrens, yet, very different from these enchantresses, whose soft accents possessed an irresistible charm, these have a hoarse and broken voice. Instead of interest, which cannot guide them, since the benefit is not reaped by them, emulation induces them to multiply their conquests ; it is their glory to make the establishment prosper ; little attentions and greater liberties, are the recompense of those who concur more efficaciously in that object. Jealous to excel each other, they attack the tranquil walker, and entice him by their licentious discourse ; often rejected,

they are sometimes more fortunate ; and each victory appears to redouble their courage.

Obliged to devote themselves to the pleasures of the public until eleven o'clock at night, they then regain their liberty, and all go to the Bal des Etrangers : an appropriate expression, less decent, but much more significant, renders the object of that assembly pretty well known : the bad jesters call it Bal du Sentiment. Thither resort all the hair-dressers, tailors, and shoemakers. There are few strangers who have not seen this odd assembly, where a noisy joy reigns, and where the connoisseurs discover the best waltzers of Paris. Sundry games increase the re-

ductions of this dangerous place. Happy is he who leaves it without having tried fortune in any way ! it will probably spare him very painful remembrances.

It would require a painter to designate the symbolical gradation by which might be represented all the women who make a traffic of their charms at Paris. I can attempt only a sketch of them. At the summit may be placed those ambitious and haughty women, who aim only at placemen and financiers. They are reserved, and politically calculate on what the failings of the great men may afford them. Immediately after these are the opera girls, the dancers, the actresses, half amorous, half interested, who begin by

placing sentiment where it had never yet been seen. Then come the half decent citesses, who receive the friend of the house, and that very often by the consent of the husband; a dangerous and perfidious class, who trick out adultery in deceitful colours, and usurp an esteem of which they are unworthy. In the midst of this amphitheatre, would figure the innumerable race of governesses, or serving mistresses, a mixed multitude. The base, on growing wider, would present the grisettes, dress-makers, little mantua-makers, seamstresses, and girls, who have their room, which a shade separates from courtesans. They have less art, love pleasure, give themselves up to it, and do not waste the precious

hours devoted to the duties of their condition. If they are fed and amused, they are contented and peaceable. If they allow themselves a lover besides their protector, that is the amount of their deceit. Still looking downward, we discover the disordered phalanxes of common girls, who impudently adorn the windows and the doors, who expose their lascivious charms in the public walks, and who are hired like hackney coaches, at so much an hour. They may be classed with the dancers, singers, and actresses of the boulevards. The lowest prospect would show the hideous creatures of Port au Blé, of the Rue Purgée, and of the Rue Planche Mibray. Here vice has lost all its attraction, and the horror

which we feel, convinces us that debauchery knows how to punish itself.

The women under protection, know, in general, how to obtain, by their conduct, a sort of respectability. Such are they, who, with a heart made for virtue, cannot, however, defend themselves against a weakness; then the man of delicate feelings, whose fortune or rank prevents him from repairing their ruin by a legitimate connexion, endeavours to make them forget it by generous attentions. Overcome by that ascendancy, which every man, who is loved, must exercise over a woman, she discovers no crime in sharing the lot of him to whom she devotes her existence. Thus is formed an union,

which morality no doubt reprobates, but which ought not to be confounded with the connexions of a day.

Paris is generally the refuge of all those poor victims of credulity, the innocence of whose hearts has seconded the artifices of men. Indulgence might yet call them back to principles of honour: but an unjust and criminal severity removes them from it for ever; and they leave a country where they find nothing but shame. Paris is still the great theatre where those come to make a figure, who, after having commenced with some celebrity in the provinces, wish to try a higher fortune in the capital. Thus

one sees daily arrive from some remote parts of the country a new importation. She is addressed to one of those respectable women, whom the old financiers of Paris honour with their intimate confidence. If she finds the young traveller of a tall size and agreeable figure, conceiving the greatest hopes, she casts her eyes on a banker who has deigned to make known his intentions; but, above all, she thinks it necessary to operate a metamorphosis. The hat with feathers is replaced by a simple morning cap; to the gown, elegantly trimmed, succeeds a light robe of Percale: she is taught some childish airs; the eyes learn to be cast down with a modest grace, and they an-

nounce to monsieur the banker, a young and innocent girl, who

————— Ambitious of the town,
Has left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

The banker interrupting all his calculations, arrives quite out of breath, and enchanted with so much candour, and so many graces, is eager to have a rich apartment furnished for his new divinity. The innocent creature soon yields; and, the banker, proud of a combat from which he has come off victorious, relates to his friends the piece of good fortune which is so rare at Paris.

Though a man may have rich carriages and give splendid dinners;

there is still in Paris something wanting to his reputation. Has he an amiable wife, does he even love her, *bôn ton* commands him to keep a mistress. He will find a thousand women of whom it is glorious to make the conquest; but if he desires that nothing shall be wanting to his glory, he must gain the good graces of an actress. These predestined mortals, these queens, these princesses, appear to be the exclusive portion of the great men of the earth. Can they, indeed, after having refused an Orestes, a Pyrrhus, after having seen an Achilles and an Orosmanes, sigh at their feet—can they decently grow tender in favor of a modest citizen? The dancers of the opera-house have always enjoyed

a well-merited reputation. The voluptuous grace of these light nymphs, the elasticity of their movements, which succeed in animating the blunt senses of an august Soldan, are of very favourable omen.

Every kept woman has necessarily a lover; he, whom she calls her friend, knows it, and is never angry about it. She only takes care to remove the lover at the time when the friend is expected to come. The friend is an amiable man, who unites the graces of the body with the perfections of the mind; but it is sufficient for her, that he possesses the means of being useful to her. Exacting, interested, seldom endeavour-

ing to please him who is anxious to satisfy all her inclinations, she reserves her favours and amiable qualities for him whom her heart has chosen. She shews towards him the greatest disinterestedness, and even refuses to receive from him the slightest favour.

These women either become insensible, or love to madness. On the decline, they have a violent desire to marry. Those men who prefer fortune to honour, marry them, and become contemptible. Those who marry them, are generally a petty clerk, a middling painter, a tasteless architect, or a bad musician.

From the haughty Laïs, who flies about at Long-Champ in a brilliant equipage (which were it not for her licentious presence we should suppose belonged to a young duchess) down to her who perishes with cold at the corner of a street, what a hierarchy in the same business! What distinctions, gradations, and various names, and all to express one and the same thing! A hundred thousand livres a year, or a piece of money for a quarter of an hour, cause these denominations, which mark only the gradations from splendour to indigent vice.

We may place the courtesans between the women decently maintained, and the women of the town.

An author has very well defined them. "We should take them," he says, "for the females of courtiers; they have the same vices, employ the same stratagems, and the same means, follow a business which is disagreeable enough, have as much fatigue, are as insatiable; in a word, perfectly resemble their conjunct males. They are, however, of various kinds."

They may be found, for instance, among the dress-makers, whom seated at a counter, in a row, you see through the windows. They arrange those baubles which fashion produces and varies. You look at them licentiously, and they look at you freely. These shops are to be seen at every step.

Adjoining a gunsmith, which presents nothing but cuirasses and swords, you see only tufts of gauze, feathers, ribbands, flowers, and women's caps.

These girls, chained to the counter, with the needle in their hands, incessantly cast their eyes toward the street: no one passing escapes them. The part of the counter nearest the window, is always sought as the most favourable, because the numbers of men who pass, always present a cast of the eye as an homage. The girl is rejoiced at all the looks which are darted at her, and imagines she sees so many lovers. The multitude of passengers vary, and augment her pleasure and her curiosity. Thus the sedentary busi-

ness becomes supportable, when there is added to it the pleasure of seeing and of being seen. Some of these girls make but one step from the shop into an English carriage; and, perhaps, in a few days afterwards, return to their shops, for the purpose of making purchases, with a triumphant air, and of making her beloved mistress, and her dear companions pine with envy.

It is not easy to form an idea of the means which the women employ at Paris, and at the palais-royal, to make a traffic of their charms. The wooden gallery of the palais-royal is filled with dress-maker's shops, who, to carry on the business with decency, have thought

of a very amusing device. You pass before a shop, you observe, arranged round a counter, a number of milliners, each more agreeable than the other. Brown, fair, chesnut, and even red; slight and pale girls for the sentimental, chubby wenches for decayed rakes, and plumpers, for the lovers of *em bon point*, who purchase them by the hundred weight. These priestesses of Venus all wear hats or bonnets, to which are adapted ribbands of every colour, white, blue, red, orange, &c. &c.

A gentleman then enters modestly, saluting the lady of the house; and casts a scrutinizing look on all the pretty or ugly figures before him. If she, who has the blue ribband, pleases

him, he says to the mistress, "Madam, I wish to have a hat with blue ribbands." She replies very politely, "Sir, walk up to the warehouse; or, if you choose, it shall be sent to you." If he be a bachelor, and wish to give an audience to an innocent milliner's girl, he replies: "Well madam, send me the blue hat to-morrow morning; my name is ———, I live in the Rue Feydau." What is said is done, and next morning some one knocks at his door: he opens; it is the blue ribband who comes to him. He may thus, pass in review, all the nymphs who compose the show.

The degrees which separate the women splendidly kept, from the girls

of the town, are incalculable. The most numerous class, perhaps, is composed of those women who belong as much to the former as to the latter; but whom I, nevertheless, confound with these, because, although they know how to save appearances with more art, the means of seduction are always the same, and always unresisted.

You see at the play, a woman whose decent appearance, and composed air, seems to interdict all suspicion of her virtue: she is alone; or accompanied by a waiting woman of respectable appearance. You go into her box; the play presents a mean of entering into conversation, which soon becomes

enlivened. On returning from the play, you offer her your arm; she shows herself sensible of your obliging offer, but she generally expects a brother, or an uncle, or a cousin. The piece concludes, no relation arrives; she is then obliged to accept your arm; you conduct her as far as her door, which is generally that of a furnished lodging; she does not permit you to go up stairs, but she consents to receive your visit the next day; three days are generally the time when she thinks she may decently yield, 'provided always' that you have preceded your tender avowal by some little present.

The mantua-makers, milliners, seam-

stresses, and work-women, who are no longer under the eye of their relations, seldom find in the scantiness of their gains the means of satisfying their taste for the toilette ; they seek therefore in the labours of the night a useful supplement to those of the day.

I must not forget, in my enumeration, the recluses of some great houses. There are reckoned at Paris, eight or ten establishments entirely distinct from others of the same kind. Scrupulous in the choice which they make of their boarders, the governesses require that these shall be but little known, and that they shall add to personal graces, the amiable qualities of the mind. Wise Esculapians, attached to the house, are entrusted to root out the thorns which

may sometimes be found in the midst of roses ; and every flower whose bloom should not accord with the general splendour, is quickly hurried from the eye. Into these temples, devoted to Venus, the faithful alone have the right of penetrating, or of introducing new initiates, whose rich offering must announce their zeal. Hither often repair, both the man of the closet, who would make relaxation succeed to labour, and sometimes the statesman, who would forget his gravity for a moment. It is even pretended, (so much does criticism sometimes approach to calumny), that such and such a respectable woman has been seen to go thither incognito with her lover.

I remember one night being highly gratified and flattered by the observation of a wretched itinerant Cyprian, who, having observed my repeated liberality to *the corps*, exclaimed, "*Il est bon comme le pain.*" This, however, I had the folly to repeat to an Irish officer of the Army of Occupation, which, by the way, would not do amiss if it became a little more the Army of Observation; and his translation of the phrase was, that is as much as to say, that you are a *cake of a fellow*.

I had almost forgotten that I sometimes dined at *Madame Durant's*, which is a dinner party, or as the *unlearned* call it, a *dinner hell*, as the

Salon des Etrangers is a supper one. At this lady's, you have the advantage of forming a dangerous connexion with the fair sex ; or of having your mind drawn off from your game by an agreeable ogle from across the table, or gentle touch of the knee from a neighbouring fair ; and, to complete your chance of making money, you have a favourable opportunity of putting your capital out at interest, by lending it to some pretty creature near you to try her luck with. Matchem's time was spent in a manner equally praise-worthy. He never returned to the hotel until about two ; then took three hours to dress, drove his four-in-hand for one hour, played billiards until dinner, met me at that

time, accompanied me in my round of vice, but always left me safe at my hotel ; not always, however, without being plundered by sharpers and pick-pockets. Of this set I shall now give a brief account.

The sharpers of every description, spread over the different provinces, repair once in their lives to the capital, as to the vast and great theatre where they are able to display all their talent, strike the greatest strokes, and meet the greatest number of dupes. As they have studied the means of deceiving credulity, they cleave to young people, who, in the age of the passions and of confidence, open a mind more docile to artificial insinuations. They

know that the eye must at first be struck with the appearance of opulence ; and they do not neglect those semblances which may best impose.

Attentive to serve the temper of different ranks, they caress indifferently their prejudices ; they have no self-love ; they are observed to change language according to the men whom they address. Never contradictory, but always submissive, patient, flatterers. Their only object is to obtain money. They know also, at the first glimpse of the eye, those who possess it. They have always some project, some enterprize which must repay them a hundred fold. Eloquent on this subject, they talk of your fortune as of a

thing certain, and their's is never uncertain. They mention adroitly the names of men in place; they are acquainted with anecdotes which are calculated to excite curiosity; they are neither slanderers nor calumniators; they have a pleasantry which has nothing bitler in it, because it is a part of their system to join the artifice of manners with the artifice of mind, and because they want nothing from the reputation, but only from the purse.

One of them mixes among players, allures them by voluntary losses, and after having enticed, ruins them, by bold and meditated fraud.

Another hires a fine hotel and beau-

tiful carriages, ingratiates himself with the merchant, passes at first without difficulty, and afterwards counterfeits commissions from foreign countries—a profitable practice! The merchants, of course, offer him all kinds of goods. He secretly sells the whole. They bring in their bills; seek for him; but he is no longer to be found. Another still boasts of great credit, shews real or fictitious letters, promises employments, and borrows under that pretence.

A hypocritical cash-keeper at the post-office, some years ago robbed the whole town. Every one lost his money, and had no other satisfaction



than seeing him in an iron collar. Escaping from this collar, he has purchased, near Liege, beautiful lands, where he lives as sovereign lord. A sharper, formerly disgraced, gave himself out as a foreign baron who carried on an immense commerce. He took lodgings in a celebrated hotel, engaged clerks, caused merchants to come to him, and appeared at first to disdain their offers; he wanted commodities rare and more valuable. Next day, his valet-de-chambre, his accomplice, went to find the same merchants, talked of his master's credit, of his fortune, of his extensive connexions, and represented him as able to enrich the houses with which he

might treat. They were so little accustomed to hear valets speak well of their masters, that they conceived a great respect for the pretended baron. They brought him the most costly merchandize: he had only to chuse. On reflexion, all suited him, because, said he, as I have received fresh commissions, all those articles which are designed for foreign countries, ought to pass through my hands alone. Retailers, of both sexes, always ready to favour villainy, and to efface the traces of robbery, bought, at a low price, this very merchandise. When discovered, he was condemned to hard labour for nine years, branded, and previously fastened to a post in an iron collar.

His valet-de-chambre attended the execution of this sentence, and was banished.

All these sharpers, consummate in skilful stratagems, take the title of count, of marquis, of baron, and especially of knight. Hence, it is said of a man who lives without labour, and without income, that he is a chevalier d'industrie.

After these sharpers come the pick-pockets, who perform with their hands what the former do with their tongues. They find means, either to fix your attention on an object, or to raise a tumult around you, or to cause you to

make a movement favourable for their coup-de-main, and already the dexterous and cunning thief has secured your snuff-box or your watch. You may perceive it—you may cry out—he remains near you without testifying the least emotion. The watch and the box have already passed into other hands; and the thief begins to inveigh loudly against the little safety that exists in public places. When a domiciliary visit was made to one of those thieves, they found fifty-six watches, thirty snuff-boxes, and twenty eyeglasses; it was like a shop at a fair. He cared for nothing but jewels, and left the stealing of handkerchiefs to those petty scoundrels who are tolerated at first, to be employed as spies after-

wards. As for himself, he was chief of a gang who acted without the slightest violence in the pits of play-houses, and particularly at the time of going out. Sometimes one of these pick-pockets commences running with all his might, meets you, and precipitates himself into your arms; you receive him, with the laudable motive of not being thrown down by the shock. He makes a thousand excuses, you answer him with politeness; and during this rapid movement, he has pulled out your watch, and run off again.

At Paris they also cheat for dinners; but the palais-royal is the principal place where this petty commerce is most carried on, in consequence of

the multitude of persons who resort thither. These people may be called intelligent diners ; they procure the addresses of persons who want to borrow money, and they address them as follows : “ I have seen in the paper your application to borrow the sum of one thousand crowns. I can accommodate you, if that will give you pleasure ? ” “ How then—but you are too good,” immediately replies the person, “ I shall call upon you, if you will give me your address.”—“ No, no ; ” replies the other, “ I am always moving about ; but I shall return this way to-morrow, and will speak to you further on the affair.” “ Well, sir, if you would do us the pleasure to dine with us ? ” “ I wont promise you,—

but I will come." "No, you must promise us." "Well, be it so,—between five and six o'clock." The credulous borrower goes to an expense, and prepares an excellent dinner. The sharper comes, eats, talks of business, tells him, that on the next day at one o'clock he will bring the money, takes his half a cup and his small glass, walks about the drawing-room, goes away, and never returns again.

How many of the London vices are there at Paris! And of how many was I unfortunately the dupe! A life, such as I led, became enormously expensive; and I had just intended to sell out of the stocks, for the third time, when I fell in with Mr. Surface,

a money-lender, who kindly exchanged acceptances with me for a thousand pounds, and so bolstered up my credit. My reader shall hear more of this accommodating character at a future opportunity. In the mean time, I shall merely state, that I felt greatly obliged by this paper negotiation; because it saved me from the imputation of ruining myself, which my agent in London very *improperly* hinted to me in an unwelcome letter, and because he conscientiously took only ten per cent. for this advantageous transaction.

When Matchem was informed of the affair, he took me aside and said, in the most friendly manner: “ *Johnny!*

I am not very apt to interfere in any man's concerns; it is an unwelcome task; and I hate it. I also never allow any man to meddle with mine; but really the friendship I have for you, makes me, for this once, outstep my usual barrier of propriety. You are indeed, my dear Johnny, going too fast. I don't ask you what your fortune is."—This I told him in a moment.—“No matter,” replied he; “were it ten times as much, you ought not to spend it in this useless manner. You give more for things than they are worth; play with fellows that you know nothing of, and never make a speculation or calculation. Then again, how I grudge all the money you have squandered on that—

Adelle. Then, your borrowing money of Surface! You'll be *bit* to a certainty:—*he'll throw you over the ropes*, by —— Oh, fie! oh, fie! you know none of these fellows in Paris, whereas I know them all. Had you asked my advice?"—I looked grave—"But, never mind, my boy, look forward, and all will be well. Here are the fifty pieces which you advanced for me to Maria. Let us dine together *quietly* to-day, and I will give you some good advice."

We dined together accordingly; and after a bottle, my kind friend told me, that *young* men were *not* what they *used* to be, that no clever fellow was a dupe beyond *childhood*—that,

even at that age, a child of genius was sure to make his way. “Does not one child excel at marbles? at a more mature ages does he not surpass his fellows at cricket? Further advanced, does he not beat his man at billiards? at whist? at horse racing, when a little older? At play? at diplomacy, if in that line? at manœuvring, if a general, or an admiral?” All this was very true, but very unpleasant; for I thought myself as clever a fellow as any; yet, at all these I had failed, and found every man a better man than myself!

“Chance,” said I, “chance favours many of these instances of success.”

“Not one,” replied Matchem, “not one solitary instance.” He gave me a

glass of wine.—“ My good Johnny Newcome,” continued he, “ here I am, a young man of fashion. I keep up a splendid establishment. I hunt, race, belong to all the clubs, travel, live in the first society, am the gayest of the gay—the wildest of the wild, and yet spend less than any man of my age and habits. If I buy a brace of dogs for five-and-twenty guineas, as they are known to be mine, I sell them for fifty, sixty or seventy. If I buy a horse for fifty, I sell him for one, two, sometimes three hundred.—I fancy a gun; I alter two or three trifles about it—I shoot well—I am known—I give perhaps five, ten, *never* fifteen guineas, and I sell it for thirty, forty, and even seventy or eighty.—I am a good horse-

man—a good shot—and lucky at tossing up—and am courted and followed by the ephemereal flies of fashion, which multiply and pass away. Follow me,” concluded he, “and I’ll bring you through; and perhaps make up all your losses.”

“ Good,” said I; but I felt that, having none of these excellencies, I could not get on as my friend did. Fearing, however, to shew my inferiority, I assented, and promised to do every thing which he should advise me to do.—“ Then,” said he, “ come to the *Salon* to-night; and when I rub my hand over my forehead, leave off play, and you will find yourself a winner.” We accordingly went to

the Salon, and I resembled a spaniel watching his master's eye; I played like an automaton, which proceeded, or stopped by the conductor's hand. I began even to think that the money in my pocket was not my own; nay, more, that I did not belong to myself. I played I know not how; when a stern glance brought me up. At length, a wink conducted me out of the room. I had a few additional Louis, or Napoleons, in my pocket; for the one term and the other are so blended, that, to a *play-man*, you scarcely know *with which* the game is *up*: they court the *countenance* of the *one*, with the *impression* of the *other*, in their hearts.

“ Now,” exultingly, cried Matchem, “ let us for once see *low life*.” “ Delightful,” said I; and expected to dive into a cellar for the *finish*. I was prepared with an *impromptu* Latin pun, which was—“ *Facilis decensus averni;*” but, unluckily, we went *up stairs* to *low life*, therefore I *sunk* the witticism. It was to a crowded suit of apartments in the palais-royal. A bar, like the dock (I believe they call it) at Newgate, where criminals hold up their hand, first presented itself to my view. There, two stout *gens d’armes* were placed to preserve order. Every man, on arriving, gave in his hat, his stick, and if an officer his side-arms, and received a ticket in return, for which he paid a penny :

then he entered the *Tower of Babel*; for such a confusion of tongues I never heard. All nations, casts, appearances, garbs, forms, tribes, and attires—the Jew and the Gentile, the Greek and the gentleman, the dupe and the swindler, debtor and creditor, master and valet;—all met promiscuously in this pademonium. The circle of the gaming-table was like the *septemplex* shield of Achilles; for a seven-fold circle of wretches surrounded it. There might be seen hope, revenge, despair, self-interest, simplicity, drunkenness, and apathy, giggling and grinning, roaring and laughing, weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

Many were the apartments in this

mansion of vice, and various were the games. The *rouge et noire* table, the pharo-table, from which Pharaoh's *lean kind* issued, *tearing* their hair and rending their garments; a *bauliotte-table*; a hazard room, and at *twelve* the *madionites*, or rather *midnights*, who, in the shape of Syrens, and tripping dancers, allured the ignorant and unsuspecting, and performed the *last act* of the *farce*. *No money was returned when the curtain drew up*, nor any *free admission*, as it was always a *benefit night*. Matchem would not let me risk more than fifty francs in the course of the evening, so that my curiosity was gratified at a small expense; and on this, as well as on many other occasions, his knowledge

of Paris preserved me from more extensive mischief, which, otherwise, I should inevitably have fallen into.

CHAPTER IV.

Incidit in Scyllam capiens vitare Charybdim.

I WAS determined to profit by the useful lesson which my friend had given me, and equally resolved to have no farther concern with Surface, when Murphy staggered into the room, bearing an official notice from my banker's, to inform me, that Surface's bill was of no value, so that the exchange of name was a mere

trick, and all fell upon myself. "I am ruined," I exclaimed, striking my forehead, "and you, you drunken beast!" continued I, "you are contributing all you can to expend my substance with your debauchery." This last charge was a bold one, considering how I had myself been behaving. "Don't *approach me*, your honor (hiccuped Murphy), though I am a little the worse of drink, it's because I'm in grief: brandy, your honor! (added he), on a full heart, and an empty stomach, always mounts up to the head, and makes a passage through the eyes, ogh! ogh! (blubbering) I would not anger your honor for a king's ransom, but I'll *undertake* the fellow."—"Overtake him, you

blockhead," cried I. "Yes (staggering) I'll *overcome* the fellow, and pay the money."—"You pay the money?" I continued angrily, "Why, it's an immense sum!" so I thrust him out of the room.

Murphy kept floundering about and muttering, "that's a pity; but I'd like to see the man that would molest him. Poor Mich! why did you die? But devil the face of clay shall lay hands on maister. He may jaw me, but, by the book, he shall find me a steady friend;" and here Murphy took a lee-lurch, and fell down stairs. I was so nearly absorbed in my own miseries, that I sat motionless, until Matchem came into my room. "Here's

a pretty piece of business! Murphy has broken his neck, I believe, and the whole house is in an uproar. And what's the matter with you?" added he, "Why you look like a madman."
"Not far short of it," replied I, and informed him of what had happened. I never saw Matchem so animated; he stamped his foot, and swore like a boatswain's mate:—"Why, Johnny, the devil's in you; there's no saving you; why they'll pick you as clean as an oyster, before you leave Paris; there's no saving you; but let us look after Murphy, and, if not too late, get him bled."

"Carry me out, and bury me decently," groaned out an altered voice,

“and give all my money to Mr. Newcome!” I was so overcome by the fellow’s situation, and his generosity, that I fell back, and was as near fainting as possible. “My dear Johnny,” said Matchem, “don’t be a fool; the fellow won’t die.” “He’s sick at heart,” said I. “He’s dead drunk,” added Matchem. “That’s more than you know,” faintly responded Murphy. To finish the scene, Murphy’s head bled profusely; he was put to bed, and was in danger for some days; during which time, he informed me, that his brother Michael, a seaman, was dead, and had left him all his valuables and prize money, amounting to about one hundred pounds, which he generously offered me. This, of

course, I refused, and again sold out to pay this unjust demand. Surface had absconded, so that no remedy remained; he left me, however, a flaming letter, informing me, that it was impossible to foresee this misfortune, and that he would make up my losses ten-fold at a future day. I lit my segar with his letter, and proposed to dine with Matchem, and two particular friends; who, to amuse my mind from an uneasiness which evidently lay heavy on it, delineated the following characters.

LADY ROSA.

If the admiring eye could gaze until it grew dim with the refulgence of

beauty, and thereby become blind to interior imperfection, and if the captivated heart could ache itself into insensibility of wrongs, and thereby lull outraged love into uncomplaining rest, the lord of Rosa might—the lord of Rosa would, still admire and still love her who once adorned his arm, who once sweetened every hour of solitude, and who once gilded by her presence the brightest hours of his life. He might then say, with that admirable amatory poet Moore, and in the very same sentiments—

“Fare thee well! yet think awhile

“Of one, whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;

“One who’d rather trust that smile,

“And die with thee, than live without thee!”

But, alas! there are wounds too

acutely inflicted, too deeply impressed ;
wrongs too foully aggravated, and too
deliberately offered, to allow one to—

“ Look in the face, and to forget them all !

The joy that *has been*, is doubly embittered by ceasing *to be* ; the sweeter the flower that *has* bloomed, the greater its corruption appears when withered, blighted, and decayed ; the absent good and the present ill, both rush so forcibly on the mind, that it can scarcely bear the agonizing pressure of thoughts which inform us, that *another* possesses what *we* once held most dear.

There are, in guilt, certain shades,
which obscure more or less its surface,

and on which repentance, apology, and time, have more or less effect. In the affairs of Lady Rosa, and her paramour, occur combining evils, mingled errors, and accumulated indelicacies, which exceed in peccability almost every example of this kind. Recent regrets, which should have still lingered over a sister's tomb, stifled reproaches which the injury of an indulgent husband must have obtruded, however unwelcome or unsought, on her mind; the indignation which peculiarly guilty overtures ought to have excited in her breast: in fine, every reason for fidelity, and no excuse for change, magnify this dereliction of duty into a more than common degree of turpitude.

Happy were it for the cause of virtue, and flattering to the sympathies which fallen loveliness and dejected charms so powerfully inspire, if we could perceive, through the gloom of perspective, returning rectitude, the purification of sorrow, or reinstated affection: but the cause is hopeless, and the example is abominable. Commonly does the seducer desert the object of his seduction; but no benefit from that circumstance can accrue to the deluded wanderer, nor to the broken heart, which bleeds from the wounds inflicted by her hand, and is cicatrized by *time alone*.

In the desperation of Lady Rosa's case, one beholds the misery, but not

the remorse of a *Calista*; one sees the multiplication, but not the justification of *fair penitents*; and alas! it is with her ladyship, as with many another bewitching frail one, a fall beyond recovery:

——— Like stars which set, to rise no more.

LADY WILKINGTON.

Lady Wilkington is an admirer of mules. They are fine beasts of burden, and there is something so stately and proud in them. Then again, the Spanish campaign gave a *taste* for them. The mule is a mixed breed; and that seems rather in fashion than otherwise. A cross in the breed too, is quite consistent with the *good breed-*

ing system. Her ladyship was also of opinion, that a *lone* woman wanted protection; and the word protection goes so far, that there is no knowing who wants it, or who does not want it. Protection to a widow, argues support, defence, amusement, recreation, and *responsibility*. To a frail fair, it indicates a defender, a pay-master, sometimes a *bulky*. To an humble poet or author, it conveys the idea of a patron. To a spy or an informer, it is understood as an employer, or as a ministerial cloak for his sins, be they ever so multifarious. But, to a spinster, it just describes a husband, a *mere* man; which, by the way, with all the feelings of loveliness, et cetera, was the point of view in which Lady W. took one of

the ———. She was so convinced of the necessity, of the utility of this last piece of *household* furniture, that she braved the interference of relations again and again ; and after she had, for form, or fancy's sake, broken off the matter, she was carried away by *mules* in the most triumphant style. As mules too are often *saddled*, so she very properly *saddled* him with a small *onus* of debt.

Added to the other matrimonial advantages which this lady brought to her husband, she furnished a brace of very affluent *ready made* children ; but the chancellor was not of opinion that they should become *common stock* ; and, accordingly, he removed them

from her superintendence, and, with them, removed the liberal allowance for their education, which, otherwise, might have kept houses and maids, her ladyship and her husband, in very good style.

It is rather odd, that these big-wigs cannot feel for a person *left* like her ladyship, and see the propriety of supporting a strong and able-bodied man in the concern, to serve her ladyship effectually, and to *look after* the children's fortune. This, however, seems not to have entered into the views of the trust; and, in consequence, the faithful couple have exceeded the *limits* of *vulgar* and *disproportionate* income, when viewed in proportion to their

merits, to their habits, or to their inclinations.

Change of country has, therefore, been *advised* by lawyer M——, and diversity of climate has been thought necessary by *cidevant* physician M——; but, whether Lady Wilkington will reap the benefits proposed either by the lawyer, the doctor, or the husband, requires time to decide; and, a great variety of opinions exist on this subject, so interesting to the matrimonial, and to the trading interest of the country.

MR. DONKEY.

This gentleman is of the mule breed,

and has that degree of obstinacy which this circumstance warrants, and which a decided preference for his own opinions, in opposition to those of other men, however learned they may be, completely justifies. Being a man of *professions*, he decided on being a *professional* man, and accordingly he tried law and physic. From his size and appearance, one would think that no one would be *above him* in learning, nor be *put over his* head in advancement, yet, *fronte nulla fides*; and, whilst he is above six feet in height, he is scarcely two feet nothing in point of abilities. Nature seems to have so admired *the body*, that she has given him nothing else to recommend him.

Nature has also bestowed on him pompous manners, and an *imposing* appearance. He is gifted with a great knack of *hoaxing*; but he has a most perfect respect, and value for truth: so much so, indeed, that he is quite a miser of that article; he hoards it up, and conceals it; and never uses it but upon occasions where he is forced. This plan, might, perhaps, have helped him in the law, or at least have helped his client; but, somehow, he thought the profession unfit for him; and, doubtless, *vice versa*.

Again, although he would, doubtless, have made a *great* physician, yet he made but *little* of physic, (his studies therein, are mean) and he left it too,

to commence private gentleman *at large*. In his studies *even* he was so much addicted to hoaxing, that he hoaxed his instructors out of the price of their labours. This was practised probably in *joke*; but was considered as *no joke* by the gentleman on whom it was practised; nor was it deemed as an *earnest* to Mr. Donkey's future *well-doing in life*.

Although this gentleman did not shew any particular *attachment* to the law, the law has been particularly *attached* to him; and a couple of its *fellows*, *brothers-in-law* too, are generally close followers of the *eidevant* student.

Whatever deficiencies Mr. Donkey may have possessed to impede his advancement in the two learned professions, he had none to obstruct his promotion in the matrimonial state. Accordingly, he married a baronet's widow, with whom he now resides in France, much enquired after, if little regretted; and, if not in the good graces of many, at least out of nobody's books.

His wine merchant often reads over his name there; and, if he blames him for long tick and slow payment, he ought gratefully to remember what age and celebrity he gave his wine! Often did he put the age of a vintage to a wine which was unknown to the

merchant, giving it a quality which it only held by *his* courtesy; lending a dozen years cellarage to *half a dozen* of bottles, borrowed within half an hour, and bestowing antiquity, in the wood and bottle, of which the dealer himself never dreamt.

His going aboard is *greatly to his credit*; but should credit, come greatly to him, he will find that there is no paying off Monsieur de la France with a hoax, and no puffing that will answer instead of coming down with the *argent comptant*, a ceremony which is always expected of John Bull in his travels, and which is generally his greatest recommendation.

LORD THOUGHTLESS.

An untravelled Englishman is certainly not a very elegant being; but, whilst we reprobate national prejudices and unpolished manners, we cannot approve of our young nobility and gentry being so early sent abroad, or so long kept from their native land, as to give them foreign manners, accent, or principles, or to estrange them from that patriotic feeling which it is the glory of a true Briton to possess. The earl has, therefore, acted like a good and sensible father in recalling Lord Thoughtless from the continent; and it is to be hoped, that the remaining portion of his lordship's education will be *purely* English, as on his arrival

from abroad he had completely the appearance and deportment of a Frenchman.

It is much to be regretted, that previous to Lord Thoughtless quitting Paris, his artless and unsuspecting mind should have led him to lose a considerable sum of money at play ; but, we trust, that the lesson will operate as a wholesome admonition for the rest of his life. His lordship's sentiments upon that occasion were such as do honour to his heart, and we shall refrain from making further remark upon that painful subject, only hoping, that in point of prudence, the future will redeem the past.

There is in Lord T——'s manner, a certain continental polish, and he possesses much vivacity and good-humour. We repeat again, that if more solid studies are added to personal gracefulness, and a general *Anglification* be mixed up with the *agrémens de la société* and the *talent de plaire*, which our continental neighbours possess, Lord T—— will be an ornament to our court; and may, at the respectable age of his worthy grandfather, be an additional sample of our old English nobility, decorated with age, distinction, and deserved esteem.

It should be well recollected, that juvenile indiscretion never argues a

want of heart; and Lord T——'s cousin, Mr. S——, would have stood very differently in public esteem, had he been the loser instead of the winner in a late transaction.

———
MRS. CAMPHOR.



This celebrated lady had the merit of discovering a certain fluid, called camphorated spirits of chastity, which chymical or comical discovery possessed one very dangerous and uncertain quality; namely, it's great facility of evaporation. Hence it was extremely difficult to keep; and this practical truth the fair lady experienced from it's escaping whilst in her possession. This is a great inconvenience in all

affairs of chemistry, and doubtless, renders both the science and the *professors* thereof, fickle and uncertain ; for, however closely two bodies may combine, they are immediately dis-united, if more powerfully attracted by another. Thus it was with Mrs. Camphor, whose amorous adventures are too notorious to need comment.

This lady is worthy of her parents. Lord ———, whose natural daughter she is, having been a man of extensive gallantry, and a member of that spirited society which *descended* to the title of the hell-fire club ; whilst her mother, who soared above the idle ceremony of marriage, was a little prone to the tender feeling. Her exquisite sensi-

bility is not badly described in the following lines, written on the occasion of her visiting West Wycombe, and viewing the tomb of her deceased paramour, and of the late reprobate W——d. The impromptu runs thus :—

The lovely Fanny has been here,
To shed the widow's pious tear
O'er D——d's sad remains ;
She brought Sir A——d along,
And, as the muse inspir'd her song,
He listen'd to her strains.

Gods ! she exclaim'd, with frantic start,
That urn contains the guilty heart
Of W——d, vile seducer ;
Oh ! but for him, I'd been a nun,
Except the affair with I——n,
Unknown to Lord, and you, Sir.

Sir A——d, who is here alluded

to, was a needy northern baronet, who married frail Fanny, thus making her not only a lady, but an honest woman. From parents of this cast, it is not much to be wondered at, that Mrs. Camphor should inherit all the lord's spirit, and all her mother's *affable facility*. Mr. Camphor was a bold man in venturing on this match; but their union was not of very long duration.

Since the separation, and the camphor adventure, some odd stories are told about her bright *conceptions* and *physical* discoveries; and amongst others, that John, her complaisant footman, acted as an *experimental* philosopher to his mistress, and, when any

surgical operation was to be performed on her, John's *corpus* was first to be experimented upon in order to mark the effect. A surgeon, accordingly, not a hundred miles from South Audley Street, declared, that when bleeding was prescribed for Mrs. Camphor, she actually made John sit down, and undergo the operation first.

The world has not yet been favoured with any of her newly discovered charms, like the camphorated spirit alluded to; but, with so *lively* a turn as she possesses, it may always live in hopes of something very novel and edifying for the rising generation.

MR. B. WASHINGTON.

The Americans are not, said Colonel ——— what they used to be. In the last campaign, I saw the unimproved descendants of our *natural* friends, and *former* foes. The *ties* of *nature* have done *little* for them; remembrance has done *less*. There were formerly *ties*, *links*, and *chains*, which ought to have done a great deal; but they were forgotten, and the progeny of those who have *slipped* the malefactor's *noose*, knocked off the *felon's* *fetters*, and received a *second* life from royal clemency, are the *foremost* in the ranks of hostility, the *first* in the cause of imaginary liberty; doubtless, because, what they

have *forfeited* once, and once regained, they are *doubly* jealous of preserving. What may not be expected in time, from New South Wales? there is as much *talent transported* there.

But to return to the present North Americans. Washington, Green, Franklin, &c. were men; but their descendants have all the enthusiasm of patriotism, without any of the ability; they have degenerated the more, the further they have descended from their British origin. The great Washington was as famous for his valour and patriotism, as he was admirable for his moderation and private virtues. His countryman is small in stature, unmili-

tary in appearance, a lawyer in his manners, and moderate in his abilities. Blinded by national prejudice, and ultra hostile to this country. He has, however, the domestic virtues of his predecessor, and is an able pleader at the bar, without, however, any towering eloquence, or striking talent. The style of oratory in the House of Representatives, is, indeed, intemperate and affected.

In a word, there is a narrowness of mind and policy throughout the whole country, with which Mr. W——— (in common with the rest of his countrymen) is tinged. Views, purely pacific, a greater cultivation of the arts, time, and the cessation of prejudice, can

alone tend to polish this nation, and to wear off a degree of ferocity which their hostility to Great Britain, and their fierce and ignorant republicanism produce.

The system of equality is inconsistent with urbanity of manners ; and the low origin of most of them, instead of creating gentleness and humility, operates in quite a contrary direction, and makes them assume a pride and fierceness, the most unbecoming that can possibly exist. Mr. B. W—— has not quite so much of these qualities as many of his countrymen, but he is not, however, wholly free from them.

ORATOR DRAPER.

This is an honest citizen, who keeps a retail linen-draper's shop, and has a variety of striped, spotted, sprigged, and other muslins, which he neither *gives away, lends,* nor even *vends cheaper* than any other patriot in the kingdom. His serving men (many in number, well-dressed, and saucy, and who might be more *manfully* employed in leaving their places to distressed maids and widows), were never accused of giving a yard and a half for a yard and a quarter, nor for slipping a shilling into the basket of an orphan, who told them, that his mother and five more children were starving at home,

and that he had some laces to sell. Nor, in short, is there any thing particular in the honest, plain-dealing of this thriving shop, which enables the proprietor to keep his country-house, and to ape the thing which he fain would destroy, namely, the gentleman.

In spite of these facts, this orator, (a very common man in point of intellect) thinks that he can *retail* his politics as successfully as he does his *shop goods*; and that he can *measure out* freedom by the *yard* to the admiring people of Great Britain.

He has *figured to himself*, that the *stuff* of the constitution is *rotten*; that some *flimsy twilled stuff*, with a cord of

his own manufacture running through it, would make a *good and durable article, cheap and suitable to all ranks of society* ; and that the prerogative of the crown, and the wings of power, the emoluments and advantages of government, should be *clipped as close as Citizen Draper was taught to dock a piece of linen during his apprenticeship.*

The orator, however, does not like to have the *thread* of his discourse cut short thus ; and his greatest admirers, even amongst the rabble, who have nothing to do but to listen, acknowledge, that he is rather *long-winded.*

What is most unlucky for the peo-

ple whom he serves (not with shop goods on *tick* or *gratis*) is this, that in the *winding-up* of his speeches, although the ear is filled, the stomach is empty ; and thus, many an *empty fellow* goes away worse than he came, because he is troubled with the flatulency of his own stomach, bewildered with the linen draper's *airy visions* of equality and independence ; and having lost his time, has lost with it his loyalty, his patience, and probably the *remnant* of his integrity. The consequence may be, that whilst Mr. Draper returns home and enjoys the pleasures accruing from *repletion*, and the satisfaction of the huzzas of some pick-pockets, who can do more in *their* way, than the orator in his ; namely, talk and act,

or applaud and unload pockets at the same time, the active citizens who have been inflamed by his intemperate language, proceed to acts of outrage, and end their lives in a gaol, or on a gallows.

Would not Citizen Draper be as usefully and decorously employed behind his counter? And if the *blood-suckers* (as he and his party call them), of placemen, et cetera, who drain the public strength, are dangerous, how much more so would be the shedders of human gore, who, imitating the French revolutionists, might proceed to the levelling system, and to the subversion of the constitution? It would be, (to quote a facetious alderman, much

more amusing, though less talkative, than the linen draper) from bad, to worse; and as the rabble proceeded on, it would be from orators Draper and Hunt to some yet unproduced Robespierre.

Something struck me as very singular in Matchem the whole of dinner time. After dinner, he was also more than commonly gay, and pushed about the bottle briskly; nothing in short, could be more sprightly than our little *partie quarré*. I soon found myself in the happiest state of mind; I retailed a great quantity of Joe Miller, and was not detected; my wit was very much praised, and I even ventured to sing, although I had a hor-

rible voice, the strength of which made it worse; for I literally roared out a hunting song. Of me, it might be said, as a Frenchman once observed, when he was asked, “*N'est ce pas qu'il chante fort bien?*” he replied, “*Monsieur, il chante bien fort.*” One of our *convives* appeared to me like a Jew, the other was an army surgeon, who played delightfully on a Spanish *mandoline*. This harmony lasted for many hours, until the rattling of the dice-box put a finish to the scene. All I can remember is, that my medical gentleman threw in fifteen mains about fifteen times; that the Jew's face turned as blue as a whetstone; that I was intoxicated; that Matchem and myself were the

great losers; and that he put me to bed.

I had scarcely four hours of feverish sleep, when I heard a thundering knock at my door. This was a courier from the knight of the lancet, to announce that he was obliged to leave Paris that day, and expected, that I would make some arrangement as to the ten thousand guineas which I had lost the night before. I bestowed all the epithets of rascality which I could summon on the messenger; and told him to inform the robber who sent him, that I would not pay him a shilling; that I had no recollection of losing more than what I had in my pocket, and

that I would inform Mr. Matchem of the affair.

I rose precipitately, and sought my friend, who was in bed. I informed him of what had happened, and asked his advice.—“ Pay !” said he.—This was a thunder stroke.—“ Pay,” repeated he ; “ and if you will be such a fool as to play with any body who offers, take the consequence. I submitted to him the hardship of the case. “ Not at all,” answered he with much *sang froid* : “ you were going to rack, at all events ; and this man might as well have your money as another.” “ But,” said I, “ he is your friend.” “ A mere passing acquaintance,” answered Matchem. “ What

good advice I gave you!" resumed he.

"I made you private signals not to dash on as you did; for I saw that the fellow *was as down as a nail*; but you would go on, and so you must pay for it, Johnny." I then asked him what he meant to do respecting *his* losses; to which he answered: "I have sent him a draft for the whole—about four thousand; but, as I am a playman, and know what I am about, I don't mind it. You best know your resources; as for me, I shall go off to-morrow, and retrench at Brussels.

I retired to my chamber, and counted over all my losses and expenditures. My fortune was only twenty thousand; and, betwixt one thing and another,

after paying the gaming debt in question, I should only have a few hundreds remaining. I resolved however to sell out for the last time, to discharge this unjust claim, and afterwards to see if I could purchase an ensigncy, or begin life again in some decent and humble way. In the midst of my reflections, Matchem came to bid me adieu. "Johnny," said he, (which same Johnny became odious to me), are you much in the wind? This was Hebrew to me; but upon enquiring the meaning, I understood it to be, "Was I much in debt?" I told him not a guinea. "What a flat!" said he: "Why then, you may live on your credit for five years, in which time you may marry an heiress, or do some other

good thing. If you like, I'll *put you up*, and make your fortune for you yet, if you will leave off your sentimentals, and cease spoiling rascally tradesmen by paying them once a year." This advice disgusted me, and we parted.

The world was all before me, and I was now to seek out an entirely new plan of living. I dined alone, and a thousand different ideas and plans entered my head. I walked in all the public places, looked in at a number of coffee-houses, went to two theatres the first night, and thought until my head ached. I passed Maria on the boulevard, with a very young man, in a barouche and four; but, to my utter surprize, this female, whose part I had

so warmly taken, and to whom I had lent one hundred pounds, turned her head aside for fear I should bow to her.

After the play, I went to the *Salon*, thinking that as I had always lost, I might by chance win for once. The whole party was about me in a moment, to condole with me on my loss. Many, I saw, laughed at my folly. Parson Ambrosio told me, that he knew it would happen, and that if he had been sufficiently intimate with me he would have forewarned me of my danger. "But," added he, "there is no use in making enemies for nothing." I asked him if he knew that the surgeon and the Jew dined with Matchem and myself? He replied in

the negative. Then who was he to warn me against? "Why, Matchem!" said he, to my great astonishment. "Matchem!" exclaimed I. "Aye," replied the parson with a tremendous complicated oath. "Why where have you lived not to know that Matchem is one of the brothers. Why, he's been *put up* these three years, and lives by it. I saw well enough, that he was dry-nursing you. You might have lived together for years, and never have known it; but you were going on so fast, that he was obliged to bring you to in time, or else you would not have had a guinea remaining. Indeed, I was told to-day, that he had not left you enough to pay turpike for a flea through the fold of

a blanket." Here he, and half a dozen others, burst out into a loud laugh. I thought this pretty blackguard discourse for a minister of the gospel, but still I could not comprehend it. I begged leave to tell him, that I never lost a farthing to Mr. Matchem, and that on the contrary Mr. Matchem lost a large sum. "Why, what a *Johnny* you must be," answered he. Here, I interrupted him, and begged of him not to be personal. He said, convulsed with laughter, that he did not know my Christian-name, and meant no harm, but only to assure me that it was a *settled* thing, and that I was *had*. "I'll write him such a letter," said I; "I'll expose him." "No use," concluded he; "if you do, he'll

shoot you, and then all I can do to serve you is to bury you *by virtue of my office.*" Here a roar like a peal of thunder, burst from all the English; and I sat down at the *rouge et noire* table ready to sink into the earth.

I lost every thing I had in my pocket but a double Napoleon of Italian coin, which I meant to keep as a pocket piece. With it, I went to the hazard table. I had not taken up the box a second, when a vulgar Irish officer exclaimed: "Out in three throws for a rouleau." "Does not throw twice for a hundred francs," cries a rook. "Throws crabs for a louis-d'or," adds a Martin; and he told true! I did throw out, and rose.

in a rage, with a determination of leaving the *aviary* for ever.—One more try, however, thought I, at Pharaoh; but an old attendant, withered with age and watching, and grown grey in lying and usury, refused me a *rouleau*, although he had lent me fifty times before. I asked all round me.—Not a guinea to be had.—I saw how it was, and I left the room.

I found Murphy waiting at the door of the Salon to guard me home, though unmasked; and as we went along, he put a letter into my hand, which turned out to be a *billet doux* from a fair *Française* who had fallen in love with me at the opera, and invited me to

sup with her the next night. This was one happy turn in my affairs. "Not a second Adelle, I hope," said I to myself; so before going to bed, took a look in the glass, and found that I had put on my clothes more becomingly than I had ever done in my life. This I owed to imitating Matchem. I tossed about for many hours, till at last I fell asleep, and dreamt of being married to a rich heiress. The idea tickled me vastly at waking, and continued to keep me in spirits the whole of the succeeding day.

I walked as usual in all the public resorts, where I was grieved to see many hoary-headed *chevaliers*, bent

with age, and some in rags, decorated with the orders which they had obtained for their services, yet disregarded and pushed about by the *cannaille*. Contrasted with these, were plump, ruddy, ruffian-like fellows, speaking loud, and thrusting in their noses every where, with the badge of the legion of honour on their breasts. The one had fought, bled, and starved in exile for their king, and were withering in contempt at home; the others had been taken in arms, and in open rebellion against him, and were now vapouring about as if the life and liberty they owed to his clemency were their boast, instead of their shame. Amongst the aged and distressed officers, I recognised an emigrant who,

some time since, taught French in England. I pitied his condition, and wished for the power to relieve him.

Shortly after, a well-dressed foreigner joined me on the bench where I was sitting. He spoke almost every language, and informed me that he had been a prisoner in England. "I served under Napoleon," said he, "but it was *contre cœur*. I accepted a commission to avoid the conscription; but I sought for the first opportunity to escape, and surrendered myself to the English *aux colonies*. I am now employed under *Louis le Desiré*." His conversation was so agreeable and instructive, that I formed quite a friendship for him. The following are among the cha-

acters which he described to me on our first interview.

MADAME DE GENLIS.

Different as opinions are respecting Madame de Genlis herself, there is but one with regard to her possession of genius. Nobody is better acquainted with human nature, and with the world; and although Madame de Stael has an exquisite refinement of taste, a finished elegance of expression, a superlative talent for describing the tender feelings, yet there is more of real life to be found in the novels of Madame de Genlis than in those of her contemporary.

Early involved in busy and eventful

scenes, connected by her office of governess to the Duke of Orleans's children, with public life, and with the intrigues of the revolution ; attached to the household of the richest and most ambitious, though the weakest and basest prince in Europe, her opportunities of being a near observer of various characters in the awful but diversified drama of that æra, must needs have exceeded those of almost every other female. In consequence, none seems more closely to have watched the human mind ; no pencil can more truly describe the existence and the effect of the passions. In ridicule, and in painting the whimsical operations of the imagination, and the ludicrous events

of high life, she is particularly happy ; but, in drawing crimes, the depravity of the human heart, and the emotions of a guilty breast, she is, perhaps, unique.

She had, indeed, a leading picture before her, in the prince to whose family she belonged ; and she had a frequent opportunity, during the French revolution, of beholding powerful villainy, sanguinary ambition, petty despotism, jarring interests, and contending parties.

Her first principles were those of violent republicanism ; nor is it supposed, that the horrors and atrocities

which disgraced France at that period, and which were the forerunners of twenty-seven years carnage and calamity, have entirely cured her of those sentiments. She, however, was forced to quit France, and emigrate to Germany, in consequence of the fall of the monster d'Orleans, who imbrued his hands in his sovereign's and kinsman's blood; nor did she return till the accession of Buonaparte.

Her works are voluminous: amongst the best are, the *Duchesse de la Valiere*, *Madame de Maintenon*, *Jane of Franée*, *Henri-le-Grand*, *Mademoiselle de la Fayette*, the *Petits Romans*, and the *Souvenirs de Felicia*.

Her attachment to the late Duc d'Orleans has never been satisfactorily accounted for, nor has the mystery of the birth of Pamela, afterwards Lady Fitzgerald, ever been *plausibly* explained. If Felicia had given us her real *tendres souvenirs*, they would assuredly have proved more interesting and romantic than those which appear in that work.

Speaking of Pamela, Madame de Genlis had a great taste for *novel-naming* her *élèves*. There was a beautiful English woman, who assisted Madame de Genlis as *dame de compagnie*, and who went by the nick-name of Evelina. She afterwards married a Count l'Aubardier, nephew and aide-de-camp to the General Count Rocham-

beau; and what is rather unfortunate, the amiable preceptress's pupils always had a penchant for the tender passion.

The truth of this assertion, Lord A—— B——c can testify; and, a certain Fifeshire gentleman too, may rub his forehead, and shake his head.

Madame de Genlis has now retired from the gay scenes of life, and enjoys at least the *otium*, if not the *dignitas* of a literary character. One good quality she ever possessed—a well-rooted respect for religion.

DE LILLE.

The Abbé de Lille, who has written,

so beautifully, l'Homme des Champs, les Jardins and la Pitié, who has so ably translated the Georgics of Virgil and Milton's Paradise Lost, and who has published a large volume of fugitive poetry, is the natural son of a lawyer, Clermont Ferrand. He was educated at a seminary of la Marche, on a pension, (settled upon him by his mother) of one hundred crowns *per Annum*. Thence he proceeded, at an early age, to Paris, and embraced the clerical profession. Monsieur de Lille afterwards accompanied Monsieur de Choiseul to Constantinople, and viewed, with a poet's eye, the monuments of Greece, which he has described so vividly in the journals of that day. He obtained his first church promotion

from the Count d'Artois, now Monsieur, who appointed him to the Abbey of St. Severin in Poitou.

He was so inoffensive, and so much a man of study and retirement, that he remained unmolested in Paris during the reign of terror, and published an ode on the immortality of the soul, which pleased all parties. Apprehensive, however, that he might suffer by the unsettled state of the country, he quitted it in 1795, and travelled through Switzerland and Germany. He closed his journey with a visit to England, where he experienced the most liberal treatment, and obtained an extensive subscription to his poetical works, from the highest personages in the kingdom.

Whilst in London, the Abbé, dispensing with his vow of celibacy, married a lady who had long been the *companion* of his travels. He returned afterwards to France, and was, in 1805, introduced to the emperor, who received him with marked approbation. His strongest attachment, however, was to the present monarch, whose virtues he has celebrated in tuneful numbers, and to whom he appears entirely devoted. As he has never meddled in politics, his weather-cockism is the less important; nor did he, during any period of his life, shew so strong an adherence to any titled individual as he has done to Louis XVIII.

He is not without enemies amongst men of literature in France, and his

translation of the *Æneid* was severely hauled. It cannot, however be disputed, that he is the first pastoral poet of France, and that no modern pen has so beautifully described (in the French language) the simple and feeling details connected with rural scenery, and with a rural life. Voltaire, at a very early period of Monsieur de Lille's life, pronounced him a poet of high promise, and passed the highest encomiums on him; and the Abbé's future works have warranted the happy presage of that able author, who, to use a French expression, "*S'y connaissait bien.*"

M. DE CONSTANT.

Benjamin de Constant Rebec, the

author of many political works, is a philosopher of the *new school*, and used to *unite* his endeavours with those of the late accomplished Madame de Stael, *pour le bien de l'humanité*. Benjamin is no great beauty, neither was that excellent authoress much more attractive; but the *strong sympathies* which exist betwixt minds organized like theirs, sufficed for a *similarity of taste*. Is it possible that one, who could draw the tender passion with such elegant exactitude, could be ignorant of its essence and being, its nature and propensities? and is it possible to read Corinne without falling in love with that character, and feeling a desire to obtain the good graces of one whose brain gave existence to so charming a creature? so doubtless, thought Ben-

jamin himself, the author of one of the most beautiful and pathetic novels in the French language, "*Adolphe*;" and we felicitate him on the mental enjoyment which such a friend must have produced.

Monsieur de Constant has not been so fortunate with his government as we could wish, and his exertions during the hundred days seem to have weighed so much with his king, that he will never regain his situation and influence in France. He was not, however, the friend of the usurper; limited monarchy is his creed; and it was certainly very politic in Buonaparte, to distinguish and employ the man whose talents might thus serve him, although

he knew that his opinions were inimical to his former tyranny and oppression. Accordingly, he called upon him to frame the new constitution, as he well knew that it would be done in a masterly manner, and would, from Constant's system of prudence, wisdom, and moderation, contain many charms for the people. The attractions and promises of this work, thus formed by an able hand, would, therefore, serve to strengthen him on the throne, and make his political enemies become his friends. Afterwards, when re-established in power, and backed by a powerful army, he could violate the constitution, and render null the laws, as he had before done, again and again.

It would, certainly, have been more wise, and politic in the present ruler of France, to have made use of Benjamin for his purposes; and thus to have availed himself of his talent, a quality which aboundeth not in the present administration; and which, when diverted from its natural channel, and directed into another course, becomes dangerous to the crowned head, and to the country which neglect it. Indifference towards talent was one among the many causes which brought on the revolution.

DOCTOR SPURTZHEIM.

The doctor is a *German*, and that certainly is nothing against him. He

is also, incontestibly, at the *head* of his profession, and a *capital* performer in anatomy. He has only, however, made enemies by the novelty of his theory, and, by the hard rules that his *lectures on heads* give to the *numskulls* of the present day. Will any man of common sense set down our head for O? Do not people cover their heads for fear of exposing them? Aye there's the rub; for the doctor exposes our heads *too* much, and does not cover our failings sufficiently. Do not ladies dress their heads? Aye, and their spouses heads too! Do we not talk of *crowning* the whole; *crowning* with glory, et cetera, et cetera?

And do we not talk of the head of

the church, and the head of the nation? And he who would set these at naught, is, by our laws, guilty of a *capital* crime. There's the Regent, again, and all his brothers: they have large heads; aye, truly, each of them, a very large head! and who would pretend to say, that there's *nothing* in them? Why do we talk of the *crown* of the head? Because a *head* would be nothing without a *crown*; and *vice versa*, a *crown* would be nothing without a *head*. *Heads* of arguments are also talked of, a proof that *argument* is nothing without *head*; *heading* an army, no army being worth a groat without a *head*; *head-quarters*, implying (sometimes erroneously) that there are more *heads* than one at such quarters. In

short, every thing in learning must be classified under *clear* and *distinct* heads; and if so, is not the head the commander-in-chief, the overseer, the *primum mobile*, and *factotum* of the body; whether it be a body corporate or politic, a *physical* body or a *metaphysical* body, a *clerical* body or a *legal* body, a *learned* or a *silly* body? Ergo, the more head there is, the better off the body to which it belongs. For these simple reasons, the organs of this head must be many; and these many organs must have divers functions, such as constructiveness and destructiveness, which clearly prove the power of *doing* and of *undoing*.

Gall and Spurtzheim having given

their particular attention to this matter, and having made it the chief study of their lives, no wonder that they should be wedded to the discoveries (supported by a host of new facts proceeding from experiment) and that they should wish to establish a theory which in many instances, is brought to a certainty. It must be very galling to Doctor Spurtzheim to meet with so much enmity and opposition after such apposite research in a matter where infinite benefit may accrue to mankind.

In the days of the Greeks, the *head* was thought a *great deal* of, and we hear in Homer, as a reproach,

Thou dog in *forehead*, but in heart a deer.

Now we have many fashionable dogs in forehead, and deer too, and yet we neglect the study of craniology ! To conclude that external lumps on the head distinguish the characteristics of mankind, is as old as—— itself !

I now returned home to replenish my purse, and change my dress, and then set out to dine with my new acquaintance at Beauvilliers, according to appointment. We ordered an excellent dinner, of which my friend eat rapaciously. After drinking a bottle a piece of champagne, and one of hermitage, he proposed coffee and *liqueur*, to which I agreed. He then asked, “ if I ever played at piquet.” I informed him, “ Never.” Nor at *tric-trac* ?” said he.

“ Never.” “ Nor at domino !”
“ Never,” answered I, for the third time. Soon afterwards he pulled out his watch, and said he must leave me. Then, fumbling for his purse he exclaimed : “ *parbleu c’est un peu trop fort* ; they have picked my pocket in the palais-royal.” Finally, with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, he asked me for the loan of a hundred francs, and begged that I would meet him there again the next day, when he would return the money, and bring me to dinner at his hotel. I reluctantly complied ; and he went out of the coffee-house, strutting with as much importance as if he was one of the cabinet ministers.

I asked Beauvilliers if he knew this man? He replied in the affirmative; and that he was sorry to see me in such bad company; that the fellow was a complete *chevalier d'industrie*; had belonged to every party, and was now a secret agent of the police. "Allez," continued he, "you need not trouble yourself to meet him to-morrow, for he will not come; and if you meet him by chance, and insist on your money, "*Il vous jouera quelque mauvais tour.*"

"Well," said I to myself, as I walked out of the coffee-house, "I am in a hopeful way. One man enters into a conspiracy to rob me of ten thousand pounds, and if I expose him,

he will shoot me in a duel, where I shall have nearly as much chance as I had at play, against a man who has amused himself all his life with hitting the ace of diamonds, and is so dexterous that he can knock a fly off an alderman's nose without drawing blood: then, again, an adventurer hoaxes me, and borrows my money, and if I ask for it, he will play me some foul trick; perhaps denounce me as an enemy to the government of the country, or something worse.

Milord Anglais, mon chou, tout tout, mon amant, and mon petit:—]

all these endearing epithets were heaped upon me by the frail sisterhood of the palais-royal, to whom I once

used to distribute crowns. But, this time, I was deaf to all entreaties, dead to all blandishments.—“*Allez villain!*” they echoed in turn; “*Ah! le joli mignon!*” and even “*Englishman dog! and Jack Roast-beef!*” succeeded. What a change! but I had beauty in perspective, and I hurried to behold the reality.

A handsome exterior, a large hotel, carriage standing in the coach house, a porter in livery, and another servant, equally well appointed, who obeyed the summons of the bell, and preceded me with two wax lights.—Such were the externals, such my first approach to the enchanted dwelling of Madame de Florville. Porce-

lain vases in all directions, glittering chandeliers, candelabra of exquisite workmanship, choice flowers, and hot-house plants, blooming in the season of snow and desolation ; mirrors of great value, and splendid furniture, lent a charm to the scene, more easily conceived than described. A long suite of apartments served to increase the interest which the whole excited ; and to raise the pulse with expectation, and swell the bosom with desire of attaining the *penetratia domi*—there to behold the fair unknown, who reigned triumphant in this fairy haunt. At length, the steam of rich distilled perfumes, burning at the shrine of beauty, sounds of softness that held the mind in golden chains, velvet sofas, spark-

ling crystal, and the reflected and refracted rays of a profusion of lights, announced that witchcraft was now at its *acme*, and that it was to produce its superlative work—the fancied goddess of my idolatry. A lovelier form never graced a human shape than now appeared before me. She possessed a most imposing dignity; her high and polished brow claimed homage; and her large expressive eye seemed to speak imperiously to your affections, and to say, “You are my captive.” Her skin mocked the snow, her hair bore the raven’s hue; and her bright eye looked through the gloom, like a star of the first splendour. She sat at her harp, and flung her white arms over it in such guise as perfectly bewildered me.

I was amazed, electrified, enchanted, and wholly overcome. I made an awkward bow and advanced ; then, calling self-love to my aid, and fancying myself *Pius Æneas*, I stepped boldly forward, thinking to myself, "*Coram quem queritis adsum.*" She rose gracefully from her harp, and motioning to me to sit down, she said, "I committed a great indiscretion in writing to you, and of course you will judge lightly of me." "Not at all," exclaimed I, in an impassioned tone. "Oh, yes! oh, yes!" replied she; but it will procure me the pleasure of your company to supper; you will think more favourably of me when we are better acquainted; and I have

asked a very charming lady to meet you. "*Tant pis*," said I. "Oh, fie! oh, fie!—*Tant pis*—to be introduced to an agreeable woman." Here, I made a most *laborious* effort of *conception*, and *delivered* positively the most gallant *production* of my life.—Pardon, gentle reader, this *obstetrical* line which I have got into.—I boldly told her, in pretty decent French, that I saw but one woman on the surface of the earth, and that was her gracious self! Then, trying to give force to argument, I rose in an ill-judged attitude, and upset some very rare plants, covering my small clothes with dirt, and mould. The fair, nothing disconcerted, rung the bell to have the frag-

ments removed ; and, smiling with inexpressible goodness, put her hand on my lips to stop my awkward excuses, and told me she would teach me how to make love.—“ Exquisite !” thought I. Then, turning to her *lacquais*, begged him to tell Madame de la Roche Dragon, that she had a violent *migraine*, and that she would see her another night. “ Extatic !” whispered I to myself, “ *Ea ! Monsieur l’Amant*,” said she, “ to please you we shall be *tete-a-tete*. But first, you must hear my harp.” She sat down accordingly, and accompanied herself in good style to an old, but very sweet song, beginning :

Plaisirs d’amour ne durent qu’un moment,
Peines d’amour durent toute la vie.”

The English of it runs pretty much
as follows :

Pleasures of love a moment last,
Like summer's season, quickly past ;
Close link'd with time, still onward flow,
Love's torments—jealousy and woe.
The wounded heart still bears the chain,
Whilst life and memory remain.

Long as this stream shall glide
Thro' daisy'd banks on either side,
My love shall last, fair Sylvia cried.

The gentle stream still onward steals,
No love for one false Sylvia feels ;
On other wing her love has flown,
Like dewy roses over-blown ;
Whilst I disconsolate, forlorn,
Grasp at the flow'r, but press the thorn.

Alas ! this stream, like Sylvia's eye,
Mirror of base inconstancy !
Reflects by turns, each passer by !
Pleasures of love, &c.

During the whole of this song and accompaniment, she rolled her languishing eyes with such effect, that I must certainly have had "*æstriplex circa pictus*," to have parried a single glance. I felt myself a great deal more in love than I had been with Adelle. As she concluded, and rose from her instrument, I heaved a deep sigh; at which she smiled, and said, "*Fort bien*—that will do very well to begin; now I will teach you how to make love *a la Française*." Then, throwing herself in a reclining posture, on a black velvet couch, ornamented with gold, and facing a large mirror, her polished arms and bosom looked like the driven snow. "Now," said she, "throw yourself on one knee,

and swear eternal love and fidelity." Then, holding out her hand, she was going to add something more, when I kissed it again and again in raptures. "Moderate your transports, young man," said she, "and rise, for I see my maître d'hôtel coming, and I would not for the world that he should find you thus; he would certainly inform his master, *et je serais perdue*," concluded she. The maître d'hôtel entered in *grand costume*; and opening the folding doors, exclaimed with a most consequential air, "*Madame est servie*." She gave me her hand, and I led her to the supper-room as *triumphantly* as if she had been an eastern queen. Of the supper, which, as well as the wines, was *exquisite*, I shall say

nothing, but that it lasted too long. At its conclusion she passed into her *boudoir*, where the charm of her conversation, and other *agremens*, was such as made us feel that satisfaction pretty warmly described by the Abbé Chanlieu :

les plaisirs les plus doux,
 “ Inconnus aux mortels moins amoureux que nous.”

A loud rap put an end to these golden hours—these winged moments ; and she requested me, with much agitation, to hasten my departure, and never to mention our interview, but to return in three days. I tumbled down stairs, and gave a piece of gold to the *laquais*, who picked me up.—But, judge of my surprize, when at the bottom of the stairs, the well-dressed *maitre d’hôtel*,

transformed into a cook, with a white apron and dirty night cap, put a piece of paper into my hand, and, with the voice of a *Stentor*, and with the fierce look of an Arab, cried, "*Tenez, lisez.*"

—I was so frightened that I could not.
—I dreaded the ruin of a lovely woman, whose only fault was the attachment which she had formed for me.—Again, I apprehended assassination, or imprisonment.—I would have given the world for Matchem, who was a right good hand in these nocturnal dangers.
—I trembled like a leaf!—What could it be?—I put it in my pocket.—This did not satisfy *mufti*.—" *Lisez,*" repeated he, as if I had been deaf.—I positively could not.—"What is it?" stammered I. "*Le memo'r,*" repeated he, *sternly*.
—It was a bill for supper and wax

lights—twenty louis-d'ors! Here I was completely *flabbergasted*.—I had not the money about me; and I was forced to take the greasy rogue home with me, and to pay his demand. On our road, he assured me, that Lord ——— of the Army of Occupation had given her one hundred for the same treatment, and that the *Duc de Vilainton* might be proud to visit such a lady; for that her *cher ami* was a foreign prince.—“Ergo,” said I to myself, “she must be pretty common—who could have thought it.” The next idea that suggested itself, was to haggle for the supper:—“*C'est bien cher,*” said I. “*Point du tout,*” replied the *porpoise*; “I only get five louis by it; and the ordinary price is twenty-five:—but, as madame, who

has the best heart in the world, knows that you have lost your fortune at play, she has made matters as low as possible ; and, *d'ailleurs*, I see that you are a great favorite." I paid and swore, ran up and down the room, and fumed gloriously.—“ What an enchanting creature ! and yet such a promiscuous wretch, a toad, a seraph, a viper, a syren, a bird of Paradise, a hyæna !” Then I swore that I would become a woman-hater ; next I resolved to marry—a sure way of becoming one !—My last words on going to bed, were : “ Repent and marry ;” and as Murphy shut my door, I heard him mutter :—“ No, by my *soul*, but marry and repent.”

END OF VOL. II.



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